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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

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GONE AWAY.

I see the farm-house red and old,
Above the roof its maples sway;
The hills behind are bleak and cold,
The wind comes up and dies away.

I gaze within each empty room.
And as I gaze a gnawing pain
Is at my heart, at thought of those
Who ne'er will pass the doors again.

And strolling down the orchard slope
(So wide a likeness grief will crave),
Each dead leaf seems a wither'd hope,
Each mossy hillock looks a grave.

They will not hear me if I call;
They will not see these tears that start;
'Tis autumn—autumn with it all—
And worse than autumn in my heart.

Oh, leaves, so dry, and dead, and sere!
I can recall some happier hours,
When summer's glory linger'd here,
And summer's beauty touch'd the flowers

Adown the slope a slender shape
Danced lightly, with her flying curls,
And manhood's deeper tones were blent
With the gay laugh of happy girls.

Oh, stolen meetings at the gate!
Oh, lingerings in the open door!
Oh, moonlight rambles long and late!
My heart can scarce believe them o'er.

And yet the silence strange and still,
The air of sadness and decay,
The moss that grows upon the sill,—
Yes, love and hope *have* gone away!

So like, so like a worn-out heart,
Which the last tenant finds too cold,
And leaves for evermore, as they
Have left this homestead, red and old.

Poor empty house! poor lonely heart!
'Twere well if bravely, side by side,
You waited, till the hand of Time
Each ruin's mossy wreath supplied.

I lean upon the gate and sigh;
Some bitter tears will force their way,
And then I bid the place good-bye
For many a long and weary day.

I cross the little ice-bound brook
(In summer 'tis a noisy stream),
Turn round, to take a last fond look,
And all has faded like a dream!

THREE KINDS OF FOLLY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM."

MIDNIGHT DOINGS.

CHAPTER III.

The hot rays of the sun in June were on the West-end streets, as three gentlemen strolled arm-in-arm through one of them. Three men more different in appearance it would be rare to meet. He who walked in the middle was by far the best-looking, a young man of four-and-twenty, attired in mourning. His regular features had an open expression, his blue eyes were set somewhat deep in his head, and their long eyelashes, nearly black, were darker than his hair. He on the right was a stout man of five or six-and-fifty, with a burly manner, and a big head covered with a mass of iron gray hair; and his prominent eyes shone out, hard and bold, through his gold-rimmed glasses. The other was short and thin, and stooped in the shoulders, with keen jet-black eyes overhanging a hooked nose; and his eyes looked too keen, and his nose too hooked, for his thirty years. The stout one was Colonel Haughton, the keen one Mr. Piggott, and the middle one Charles Dalrymple. Suddenly the latter stood still, and gazed across the street.

"What now, Dalrymple?"

"There's my cousin Oscar. If ever I saw him in my life, that is he. What brings him in town? I'll wish you good-day, and be after him."

"To meet to-night?" quickly cried Colonel Haughton.

"To meet to-night of course. No fear of my not coming for my revenge." And so saying, Charles Dalrymple disengaged himself from the other two, and flew across the street.

"Oscar, Oscar, is it you? When did you get here?"

"Ah! how are you? I was on my way to South Audley street to find you out."

"Come for a long stay?" demanded Charles, as he linked his arm within his cousin's—who, by the way, was a cousin some degrees removed.

"I came to-day, and I return to-morrow," replied Oscar Dalrymple.

"You don't mean that, man! Visit London in the height of the season, and stop a day only! Such a calamity was never heard of."

"I cannot afford to stay," said Oscar. "My purse is not long enough for London."

"Then what did you come for?"

"A small matter of business brought me," returned Oscar; who did not choose to tell Charles that he was come to look after him. News of Charles's doings, or rather misdoings, had travelled to his mother's remote home, the Grange, and she had written to Oscar to proceed to London and see what was amiss.

Oscar said nothing of this. Cold, cautious, and secretive, he determined first of all to look and mark: he might gather something by signs. If ever two natures were opposed to each other, his and Charles's were: the one all cool calculation, the other all thoughtless impulse. Oscar had also the advantage of Charles by half a dozen years.

They dined together at Charles's rooms. Charles urged some out-door attractions afterwards, but he urged them in vain; Oscar preferred to remain at home. So they sat, and smoked, and sipped their wine; at least, Charles smoked, Oscar was not given to the habit. Still he said nothing. At eleven o'clock he rose.

"It is time for sober people to be in bed, Charles. I hope I have not kept you up?"

Charles Dalrymple fairly exploded with laughter. Kept him up! at only eleven o'clock!

"My evening is not begun yet," said he.

"No!" returned Oscar, looking surprised, whether he felt so or not. "What do you mean?"

"I am engaged for the evening to Colonel Haughton."

"It is a curious time to begin an evening. What are you going to do at Colonel Haughton's?"

"Can't tell till I get there."

"Can I accompany you?"

Charles's face turned grave.

"No," said he, "it is a liberty I may not take. Colonel Haughton might resent it. He is a peculiar-tempered man."

"Good-night."

"Good-night, Oscar. Come to breakfast at ten."

Oscar Dalrymple departed. But he did not proceed to the hotel, where he had engaged a bed; on the contrary, he took up his station in a shady place, whence he could see the door he had just come out of; cowering there like a housebreaker watching the putting out of the lights in the house he contemplated honoring with a midnight visit; or like a policeman keeping himself dark while he watches for a house-breaker. Presently he saw Charles Dalrymple emerge from it, and betake himself away.

Hardly had his echoing footsteps died out, when Oscar retraced his steps to the house and knocked. His cousin's own man answered it. A faithful servant, getting on in years now. Charles was the third of the family he had served.

"Reuben," said Mr. Dalrymple, "I think I have left a note-case in the sitting-room. I am come back to find it."

The note-case was looked for without success; and Oscar discovered that it was safe in his pocket. Perhaps he knew that, all the while.

"I am sorry to have troubled you for nothing, Reuben. Did I call you out of your bed?"

"No, no," answered the man, shaking his head. "There's rarely much bed for me now, before daylight, Mr. Oscar."

"How is that?" inquired Oscar.

"I suppose young men must be young men," he replied. "I should not mind that; but Mr. Charles is getting into just the habits of his uncle."

Oscar looked up quickly.

"His uncle, Charles Dalrymple?" he asked, in a low tone.

"Ay, he is. My heart is almost mad at times with fear. However, I suppose I must not talk about it. If my dear late master was alive, though, I should just go down to the Grange and tell him everything."

A new idea floated over the mind of Oscar as he listened. It gathered strength. Mrs. Dalrymple had not mentioned whence she had received news of Charles's exploits, but he now felt sure it was from no other than Reuben.

"I came up to-day, at Mrs. Dalrymple's request," said Oscar; "but that must not be told to Mr. Charles. Tell me all, Reuben, for I have to report it at the Grange. How is he going on?"

"Not well, sir. And should things ever come to a crisis with him, as they did with the first Charles Dalrymple, I thought, maybe, Mrs. Dalrymple would blame me for not having warned her. Therefore I wrote."

Oscar Dalrymple had not taken his eyes off the servant during the last sentence. Some of its words struck strangely upon his ear.

"Do you fancy—do you fear—things may come to a crisis with him, as they did with his uncle?" he breathed, in a low voice.

"Not, as *to him*; not to the same crisis, as to him." And the servant's agitation was so great that the tone of his voice approached a scream. "Mr. Dalrymple! how could you think it?"

"Nay, Reuben—*I* think it! Your words alone led me to the thought."

"I meant as to his money. Nothing else; nothing else, Mr. Oscar."

"Let me hear what you know, and what you fear."

"He has fallen into just such a horrid gambling set as that his uncle got into. One of them is the very same man. They sought him out; they did, Mr. Dalrymple, and he never would have got into it of his own accord. I was in the room to-night, sir, when he told you he was going to Colonel Haughton's. It was that very man who ruined his uncle."

"Colonel Haughton!"

"It was. He was only Captain Haughton in those days; he is a colonel now. A colonel by courtesy only, I should call him, for I hear he has sold out of the army long ago. It's to know whether he was not turned out. And they say he has nothing whatever to live upon. Colonel Haughton called here some days ago; I knew his face again, though it's a bloated one now, and his hair's gary, and he had got on spectacles. And he knew me. Perhaps he remembered that the last time we ever met was over the dead body of poor Charles Dalrymple; for he went shuffling away, and he has never called since. I asked Mr. Charles if he knew how Haughton lived—without saying that I could tell anything about him—and he said, No. 'On his property,' he supposed. Fine property," contemptuously added Reuben; "he has nothing but what he fleeces others of."

Oscar made no comment. He waited for more.

"It was when I found he had drawn Mr. Charles into his meshes that I wrote to Mrs. Dalrymple. Every night, every night, as the nights—or, I may say, the mornings—come round, at two, three, four o'clock does Mr. Charles come home, flushed and haggard; yes, sir, flushed and haggard; the two go together with gamblers, though you may not fancy so."

"You think he gambles?"

"I am sure he does; I know the signs too well; I had that experience with his uncle before him. Sometimes he will come home the worse for drink; sometimes he will be sober, and then he seems the most wretched. He will often walk about the room for an hour before getting into bed. I hear him from mine, pacing about like one in a frenzy. He appeared laughing and jocular before you, Mr. Oscar, but it was all put on."

"Have you warned him? or tried to stop him?"

"What good can I do, sir? Twice I have begged him not to go out, and said this night work was ruin; but he was not going to heed me. I said nothing about the play; it is hard to tell how he might have taken it, from me."

"But I think you ought to do so, Reuben, and tell him the history of his uncle. That may stagger him."

"Only last night, that ever was, I had the greatest mind to it. But the squire would never have it spoken of to him; he used to say 'Keep it from him, Reuben, don't tell him that.' Mr. Charles has asked me, before now, what his uncle died of, and I have passed it off, and said a short illness. But what's the good of speaking, Mr. Oscar? no warning ever turned a gambler. I think he has got bills out," added Reuben, passing to a different subject.

"Bills out! Already?" repeated Mr. Dalrymple.

"There's cause to fear so, sir," he sighed. "And all the ill has arisen through those sharks coming after him. They knew Moat-Grange had fallen to him, and they scented the prey as soon as he set foot in London, and came hunting him up, like they hunted up his uncle two-and-twenty years ago. These harpies, who have no means of their own, and live by preying upon young men, drive them to ruin and despair, ought to have their necks stretched on Tower Hill. Nobody was ever born with a better heart than Mr. Charles, only he is easy, and good-natured, and gets led away."

"Tush!" said Oscar. He did not believe in good hearts; or, at any rate, had a profound contempt for them. He believed in nothing but cool self-interest. The servant had told all he knew, and Oscar bade him good-night, and departed.

They met at breakfast. Charles was looking ill and anxious. Oscar saw it plainly, now the clue had been given him.

"Been making a night of it?" began Oscar. "You look as if you had."

"Yes, I was late. Pour out the coffee, will you, Oscar?"

His own hands were shaking. Oscar saw it as he opened some letters.

"There is a letter from home, I see, by the post mark," remarked Oscar.

"Not from the Grange. It is from Farmer Lee."

"What can you find to do, so as to keep you up, night after night? You must have some pursuit."

"One is never at a loss to kill time in London."

"I suppose not, where it is required to be killed. But I did not know it was necessary to kill that which ought to be spent in sleep. One would think you passed your nights at the gaming-table, Charles."

The words startled him, and a flush rose to his pallid features. Oscar was gazing steadily at him, and Charles saw that he was.

"Charles! you look conscious. Have you learnt to gamble?"

"Oh, it's nothing," said Charles, confusedly. "I may play a little now and then."

"Do not shirk the question. *Have you taken to play?*"

"A little, I tell you. Never mind. It's my own affair."

"Were you not playing last night?"

"Well—yes; I was. Very little."

"Lost or won?" said Oscar, carelessly.

"Oh, I lost," answered Charles. "The luck was against me."

"Now, my good fellow, do you know what you had better do? Go home to Moat-Grange and stop there, and get out of this set. I know what gamesters are: they never let a pigeon off till he is stripped of his last feather. Leave, with me, for the Grange to-day, and cheat them; and stop there till the mania shall have left you, though it should be years to come."

"I am not going to Moat-Grange if I know it," was Charles Dalrymple's answer.

"Your reason?"

"Because I must stay where I am. I wish I had never come. I do wish that. But as I did come, here I am fixed."

"You might have been content there. What did you want, flying off to London, the moment your father was underground? Had you succeeded to forty thousand a year, you could but have hasted to launch out in the metropolis."

"I did not come to launch out," returned Charles, angrily. "I came to get rid of myself: everything was so wretched down there."

"What constituted its wretchedness?"

"The remembrance of my father. Every face I saw, every stick and stone about the spot, seemed to reproach me, to whisper that but for my carelessness he would not have died. And, secondly, there was that miserable business of my giving up Isabel Lynn?"

"How! Have you given up Miss Lynn?"

"Yes," replied Charles, with a stifled sigh. "I promised my father that my mother should remain in the Grange, so of course I could not marry. And I gave up Isabel, and we took a formal leave of each other. Don't talk to me about the Grange, Oscar. I shall not return to the place. I hate the sight of it."

"I suppose you gave her up in a fit of impulse?"

"I gave her up because there was nothing else to be done. The accident, by which my father lost his life was owing to me, and it was but right that I should sacrifice my own prospects to provide for my mother and sisters. Justice demanded it of me."

"In a degree: but not in the chivalrous style you have gone to work. You might have married Isabel Lynn, and yet have provided for Mrs. Dalrymple and your sisters."

"How?"

"How! Suppose you had divided your income, there would have been a thousand a year for each party. Neither would have starved upon it. And there was Miss Lynn's fortune to add to yours."

"I did think, afterwards, that I had been hasty. What you now say occurred to my own mind. However, it is of no use dwelling upon it. It is too late."

"No, it is not too late. Mrs. Dalrymple will, no doubt, readily—"

"I tell you it is too late," burst forth Charles, in a sharp tone, and Oscar thought it was one of anguish, if he had ever heard one.

Oscar Dalrymple left London that night for the Grange. He found he could do nothing with Charles, so he resolved to "wash his hands of him" (his own expression to himself) by laying the facts before Mrs. Dalrymple. She must do as she best could in the matter. Oscar Dalrymple was not aware that he had come to town too late. He might have been able to effect no good had he arrived earlier, but now the power to do so was removed from all. Charles Dalrymple was ruined. Not only were all his available funds gone, but he had entered into liabilities thick and threefold, far beyond what the rent-roll at the Grange would be sufficient to meet. He had told Oscar he did not play much the previous night. Why did he not? Because he had nothing left to play with, and had sat a gloomy, morose man, looking on at the others. Introduced to the evil fascinations of play by Colonel Haughton, that man had drawn him on until the unhappy mania took full hold upon Charles himself. To remain away from the gambling-table for one night would have been intolerable, for the feverish disease was raging within him. Poor infatuated man!—poor infatuated men, all of them, who thus lose themselves!—he was positively indulging a vision of success and hope: every time that he approached the pernicious table, it was rife within him, buoying him up, and urging him on—that luck might turn in his favor, that night, that very night, and he might win the Grange back, and the value of another Grange to it, and so regain Isabel! Thus it is with all; save with those habitual gamblers who are behind the scenes, such as Colonel Haughton and his confederate Piggott; and the sooner the crash comes, the better—as it had now come for Charles Dalrymple.

Everything was gone, every available thing: he had nothing left but the watch he had about him and the ring he wore. Yes he had. Farmer Lee had been wishing to invest a few hundred pounds in the funds, and had prayed his young landlord to transact the business for him, and save him a journey to London. Charles good-naturedly acquiesced. Had any one told him he could touch that money for his own purposes, he would have knocked the offender down with indignation. The vouchers for the money to be transferred had come from the farmer that very morning; there they lay at his elbow on the breakfast-table; and there sat Charles, striving to turn his covetous eyes from them, yet unable, for they bore for him the deadly fascination of the basilisk. He had rather they were in the midst of some blazing fire, smouldering away, than there to tempt him. Once it came across his mind to hand them to Oscar, and request him to take them that day where they ought to go: but he did not, wanting an excuse.

And the day went on to evening, and Oscar Dalrymple departed, and that unfortunate money's worth still remained in Charles's possession. Mr. Piggott had called late in the afternoon. Whether that worthy gentleman scented the fact, or heard of it casually from Charles Dalrymple, who was too open upon most subjects, it is probable that he did become acquainted with it, for he did not leave him afterwards. He carried him out to dine, and between ten and eleven Charles returned home alone, heated with wine. He went to his desk, took something out of it—*something!* and relocked it again. Then he saw that Reuben had followed him in, and was standing close by.

"Mr. Charles—do not go out again to-night."

Charles stared at him.

"Sir, I carried you in my arms when you were a child; your father, the very day he died, told me to give you a word of warning, if I saw you going wrong; let that be my excuse for speaking to you as you may think I have no right to do. Do not go out again, sir; for this night, at any rate, stay away from the set—they are nothing but blacklegs. There's that Piggott waiting for you outside the door."

"Reuben, don't be a fool. How dare you say my friends are blacklegs?"

"They are so, sir. And you are losing your money to them, and it won't be their fault if they don't get it all."

Charles Dalrymple did not reply. He moved to the door, but Reuben moved more quickly than he, and stood with his back against it.

"What farce is this?" uttered Charles, indignantly. "Stand away from the door, or I shall be tempted to fling you from it."

"Oh, sir, hear reason. Two-and-twenty years ago I stood, in like manner, praying your uncle Charles not to go out to his ruin. He had come to London, sir, as fine and generous a young man as you, but a little older, he was, in years; and the gamblers got hold of him, and drew him into their ways and stuck to him, like a leech, till all he had was gone. A night came when he was half mad; I saw he was; and I stood before him and prayed him not to go out with them, as I am now praying you.—It was of no use, and he went. If I tell you what that night brought forth, sir, will you regard it as a warning?"

"What did it bring forth?" demanded Charles, arrested to interest.

"I will tell you, sir, if you will take warning by it, and break with them, this night, and never go among them more. Will you promise, Mr. Charles?"

"Out of the way, Reuben. You are getting into your dotage. If you have nothing to tell me, let me go."

"Listen, then," cried Reuben, bending his head forward, in his excitement. "At three o'clock that same morning Mr. Dalrymple returned. He had been half mad, I say, when he went, he was wholly mad when he came back; mad with despair and despondency. He came in, his head down, and his steps lagging, and went into his bedroom. I went to mine, and was undressing, when he called me back. He had got his portmanteau from against the wall, open, and was standing over it, looking in, his coat and cravat off, and the collar of his shirt unbuttoned. 'Reuben,' said he, 'I have made up my mind to leave London and take a journey.'

"'Down to the Grange, sir?' I asked, my heart leaping within me at the good news.

"'No, not to the Grange this time; it's farther than that. But as I have informed no one of my intention, I must leave a word with you, in case I am inquired after.'

"'Am I not to attend you, sir?' I interrupted.

"'No, I shan't want you particularly,' he answered; 'you'll do more good here. Tell all who may inquire for me, and especially my brother, that although they may think I did wrong to start alone on a road where I have never been, I am obliged to do so. I cannot help myself. Tell them I deliberated upon it before making up my mind, and that I undertake it in the possession of all my faculties and senses.'

"I found these words somewhat strange," continued Reuben, "but his true meaning never struck upon me—oh," he wailed, clasping his hands, "it never struck upon me. My thoughts only turned to Scotland; for my master had been talking of going there to see a Scotch laird, a friend of his, and I believed he had taken a sudden resolution to pay the visit then; I thought he had pulled out his trunk to put in some things he might want before I packed it. I asked him when he intended to start, and he replied that I should know all in the morning; and I went back to my bed."

Charles had sat down on the nearest chair; his eyes were strained on Reuben. Had he a foreshadowing of what was to come?

"In the morning one of the women servants came and woke me. Her face startled me the moment I opened my eyes; it was white and terror-stricken, and she asked me what that stream of blood meant that had trickled from under the door of my master's chamber. I went there when I had put a thing or two on. Master Charles," he added, dropping his voice to a dread whisper, "he had indeed gone on his journey!"

"Was he dead?"

"He had been dead for hours. The razor was lying beside him, near the door; I told you his throat was bare. I have never got over that dreadful sight; a thought has always been haunting me that, had I understood his meaning as I might, it would have been prevented."

"His trunk—what did he get that out for?"

"To blind me—as I have believed since!"

"Why did he commit the deed?" gloomily continued Charles, whom the account seemed to have partially sobered.

"He had got into the clutches of the same sort of people that you have, sir, and they had fleeced him down to beggary and shame; and he had not the resolution to leave them and face the poverty; that was why he did it. His worst enemy was Captain Haughton. He is Colonel Haughton now."

"What do you mean?" cried Charles Dalrymple, after a pause of astonishment.

"Yes, sir, the same man. He is your evil genius, and he was your uncle's before you.—The last time I saw him was when both stood together over my master's dead body; he came in, along with others. 'He must have been stark mad,' was his exclamation, as he looked down at him. 'Perhaps so, Captain Haughton,' I answered, 'but the guilt lies on those who drove him so.' He took my meaning, and he slunk away, and we never met again till he called here the other day, after you, sir. I knew him, and he knew me: I don't think he'll come here again. Mr. Charles, you had better have fallen into the meshes of the Fiend himself than into that man's."

"My uncle must have been insane when he did this," uttered Charles Dalrymple.

"The jury said otherwise," sadly answered Reuben. "They brought it in *felo-de-se*; and he was buried by torchlight, without the burial service."

The news had told upon Charles. His mind just then was a chaos. Nothing tangible showing out of it, save that his plight was as bad as his uncle's, and he had been looking, in his persistent infatuation, for that night to redeem it. He rose up after a while, and signed to Reuben to let him pass. The latter's spirit sank within him.

"Is what I have told you of no avail, Mr. Charles? Are you still bent on going forth to those wicked men? It will be your ruin."

"It is that already," were Charles's words. "Reuben, as it is was with my uncle, so it is with me; I am ruined, and worse than ruined, and after to-night I will know Colonel Haughton no more. But I have resolved to make one desperate effort this night to redeem myself, and I must do it. I *will* try it, it is the only chance. Let me pass."

The servant could not help himself; he saw there was no hope of controlling or turning him, and he drew aside. And Charles went out with what he had taken from the desk in his breast-pocket.

What strange infatuation could have been upon him? If you have been drawn into the fiery vortex of gambling, you will not ask; and if you have not, it would be difficult to make you understand it. Charles Dalrymple was a desperate man; and, besides that, the feverish yearning for play, in itself, was strong upon him; as it always was now, at that night hour. As yet the penalty he had incurred was but embarrassment and poverty; he was now about to stake what was not his, and risk guilt. And yet, *he went forth*; for the dreadful vice had got fast hold of him.

Mr. Piggott had been cooling his heels and his patience outside, but not blessing his young friend for the unnecessary and unexpected delay, and not doing the opposite. He was of too equable a nature to curse and swear; he left that to his peppery partner, Haughton.

"I thought you had gone to bed," he said, when Charles appeared; "in another minute I should have come to see after you."

Charles Dalrymple did not reply. He linked his arm within Mr. Piggott's, and walked on, in silence, in the direction of Jermyn street.

They entered the "hell." It is not a pleasant word for polite pens and ears, but it is an exceedingly appropriate one. It was blazing with light, and as hot as ——as its name, and fiery countenances of impassioned triumph, and agonized countenances of vascillating suspense, and sullen countenances of despair, were crowding there. Colonel Haughton was in a private room; it was mostly kept for himself and friends, a choice knot, of whom, he was amidst, when Charles and Mr. Piggott entered. Down sat Charles at the green cloth, wild and eager.

"It is of no use to make fools of us," whispered Colonel Haughton. "You know you do not possess another stiver; why take up a place?"

"Now, Haughton, you are too stringent," benevolently interposed Mr. Piggott, laying hold of the colonel's arm and giving it a peculiar pinch. "Here is Dalrymple, with an impression that luck will be upon him to-night, a conviction, indeed, and you are afraid of giving him his revenge. It is his turn to win now. As to stakes, he says he has something with him that will do."

Charles Dalrymple drew the papers from his pocket, and dashed them before Colonel Haughton.

"I am prepared to stake this," he said. "Nothing risk, nothing win. Luck must favor me to-night. Even Piggott says so, and he knows how bad it has been."

Colonel Haughton ran his spectacles over the papers.

"I see," he said; "it will do. The risking it is your business, not ours."

"Of course it is mine," answered Charles Dalrymple.

"Then put your signature to it. Here; by the side of the other."

It was done, and they sat down to play. "Nothing risk, nothing win," Charles had said; he had better have said, "Nothing risk, nothing lose;" and have acted upon it. A little past midnight, he went staggering out of that house, a doomed man. All was over, all lost. Farmer Lee's money had passed out of his possession, and he was a criminal in the sight of himself; soon to be a criminal in the sight of the world, and liable to be arrested and tried at the bar of justice, a common felon.

He had taken nothing since he entered, yet he reeled about like one the worse for drink. What was to become of him? Involuntarily the fate his uncle had resorted to came across his mind; nay, it is wrong to say "came across his mind," for it had not been away from it. Even in the mad turmoil of that last hour, when the suspense was awful to bear, and hope and dread had fought with each other as a meeting whirlwind, the facts of that dark history had been thrusting themselves out.

His face was burning without, and his brain was burning within. It was a remarkably windy night, and he took off his hat and suffered the breeze to blow on his miserable brow. And so he paced the streets, going from home, not to it. Where *could* he go? he with the brand

of crime and shame upon him? He got to Charing cross, and there he halted, and listened to the different clocks striking one. Should he turn back to South Audley street? And encounter Reuben, who had tried to save him, and had failed? And go to bed, and wait, with what calmness he might, till the law claimed him? Hardly. Anywhere but home. The breeze was stronger now; it blew from the direction of the water. Charles Dalrymple replaced his hat, pulled it firmly on his head to hide his eyes from the night, and dragged his steps towards Westminster bridge.

Of all places in the world!—the bridge and the tempting stream!—what evil power impelled him there?

Reuben sat up the livelong night. His master never came. Fearing, he knew not what, and attaching more importance to Charles's having remained out than he might have done at another time, he betook himself, between eight and nine, to Mr. Piggott's. That gentleman did not live in very fashionable lodgings, and his address there was not usually given; but Reuben had gone on a fishing tour, some days before, to catch what information he could, as to the private concerns of Mr. Piggott and Col. Haughton, and had found it out.

The slipshod servant knew nothing; only that Mr. Piggott "warn't up yet". So Reuben, without any opposition, appeared before his chamber door, and knocked at it, a sharp, loud knock.

"Who's there?"

Another knock, sharper than before.

"Come in."

Reuben walked in.

"Sir," was his unceremonious address, "do you know anything of my master?"

"I!" cried Mr. Piggott, when he had recovered his surprise. "I do not. Why?"

"I thought you might, sir, as you took him out last night. He said he was going to play with you and Colonel Haughton. He has not returned home, and there's some important business waiting for him, so I want to find him."

Reuben had spoken out daringly, but the "important business" was an impromptu invention.

"He left us last night between twelve and one; to go home, as I suppose," said Mr. Piggott, somewhat taken-to. "I know nothing more."

Nobody else knew anything more, though Reuben did not scruple to question all he came across, especially Colonel Haughton. The day wore on, and the servant was half distracted. His master had never remained away like this.

Another night passed, Sunday morning arose, and tidings came of Charles and his probable fate. A hat had been found in the Thames the previous day, floating away with the tide. Inside it was written "C. Dalrymple," and it was brought to Reuben to be owned or disowned. He recognised it in a moment. It was the one his unfortunate master had worn that night. How could it have come in the water, and where, then, was Charles Dalrymple? Little need to speculate. Some bargemen, who were in their vessel, lying close to the side of Westminster bridge, came forward and deposed that about two o'clock on Saturday morning they had heard a weight drop into the water—"as if a body had throwed hisself right on to the Thames, o' purpose to make a hole in it." A person had also seen Mr. Dalrymple on the bridge, and recognized him, not many minutes before. The melancholy tale soon spread over London—that Charles Dalrymple had drowned himself; another victim to Play.

"It runs in the family," quoth some one who remembered the former catastrophe; "like uncle, like nephew. The name of Charles Dalrymple must be a fated one."

"I would at least have used a pistol, and gone out of the world like a gentleman," was the bad remark of that bad man, Colonel Haughton, as he stood on the Sunday night—yes, the Sunday night—and addressed those collected around him in the——place with the hot name.

Meanwhile, Oscar Dalrymple, travelling all night, had reached the Grange on Saturday morning. Never in his life fond of Charles, scarcely tolerant of him, he did not spare him now, but openly proclaimed his delinquencies to his mother and sisters. The pain to all was great: the shock to Mrs. Dalrymple very great: she knew how fatal the vice had already been in the family. But in the midst of her reproachful anger towards Charles, she felt that Oscar need not have betrayed him to his sisters. She said as much.

"I differ from you," replied Oscar. "When a man enters on ruinous courses, to hide it from any of his family is not expedient. It is only by letting him feel their marked disapprobation of his conduct, that any hope of amelioration can be looked for. Selina and Alice must not pet and flatter him as they have hitherto done. Such is my opinion."

Such was not Mrs Dalrymple's. "What plan can be adopted?" she asked, quitting that part of the subject. "Did he positively refuse to *come down with you?*"

"He positively refused. I might as well have tried to move a mountain down here. Something ought to be done—if you could only tell what. Of course things get worse, night by night. Any night he may stake the Grange."

"Stake the Grange!" uttered Selina Dalrymple. "What do you mean?"

"Stake it and lose it," added Oscar. "When the mania for play sets in on a man, he is not content to confine his ventures to trifles."

"But, I do not understand," returned Selina. "How could he stake the Grange? It is in the Dalrymple family, and cannot go out of it."

"He might stake its value. Mortgage it, that is, for his own life."

"And could we not remain in it?" she quickly asked.

"Scarcely. It might take every shilling of its incomings to pay off the interest. You could not remain here upon nothing."

"Would it be sacrificed; useless to us for so long as Charles lived?" Selina reiterated, not comprehending yet.

Oscar nodded. "I am only saying what he might do: I do not say he will. He might so hamper himself, and involve the estate, that he could never derive further benefit from it. Or his family either, so long as he lived."

"Would it return to us at his death? I am sure if he is to sit up all night, he will destroy his health and die," she mournfully added.

"It——would return into the family," spoke Oscar, hesitating where the pause has been put.

Alice Dalrymple, who had been buried in a reverie, looked up. A contingency had occurred to her which she had never thought of before: so entirely had the Grange been theirs, in their father's recent lifetime, and in the certainty of its descending to Charles afterwards. "Suppose anything were to happen to Charles," she said, "whose would the Grange be?—Mamma's?"

No one answered her.

"Oscar, I ask you, would it go to mamma?"

"No."

"To whom, then?"

"My dear," interposed Mrs. Dalrymple, "it would be Oscar's. It goes in the male line."

The answer took both the young ladies by surprise, but they were silent. They stole a glance at him: a red, conscious light had flown into his usually pale cheek.

"I never knew it," breathed Selina.

"And it is of little import that you know it now," cried Oscar. "I am as likely to come into the Grange as I am to be made prime minister. Charles is a younger man than I am."

"But, if Charles were to play it away," resumed Alice, "it would be yours then."

"Alice, you must be unusually dull to-day," said Mrs. Dalrymple. "Were Charles to be so infatuated—which I have little fear of; none, indeed—it would not be Oscar's, any more than it is now."

"Whose then, mamma? I was thinking of something else when you were talking."

"Charles's still. Only he could not enjoy it. His creditors would take care of that."

"Poor Charles!" uttered Alice. "He has been left to himself, up there, he has had nobody to turn to for advice or counsel, and I dare say he has only done, what he has done, from thoughtlessness. A word from mamma may set him right. Do you not think you ought to go to him, mamma?"

"Yes, Alice. I have been resolving on it, now, as we were talking."

"It is the only plan," returned Oscar, looking at Mrs. Dalrymple. "He may listen to *you*."

"I will go to-morrow—to-morrow is Sunday—the first thing on Monday morning. You must accompany me, Oscar."

"If you wish it, I will."

Monday morning dawned, and all got up to the early breakfast table; even Alice, whose lameness was an apology for not rising early in general. In the midst of breakfast, James came in, and looked at Oscar Dalrymple.

"Will you please to step here, sir, a minute?"

"What for?"

"Just for a minute, sir," repeated James.

Oscar went out, some bread-and-butter in his hand, for there was no time to spare. James shut the door.

"Here's Reuben come down, sir, by the night mail," he whispered. "He told me to fetch you out to him, but not to say to mistress that it was him."

Oscar walked quickly across the hall. Reuben, who was peeping for him, from the kitchen passage, turned into an empty room. Oscar followed.

"What is it? What has brought you from town?"

The old servant trembled with agitation, and grasped hold of the back of a chair.

"Oh, Mr. Oscar! it is all over. My poor young master is gone."

Oscar sat down, seemingly unconscious what he did, and the same red light came into his cheeks.

"The very night you left, sir, he went out again with those men. Before he went, he told me he was ruined, and worse than ruined. He never came back. He followed on the fate of the first Charles Dalrymple: but he did not come home to do it."

"Has he destroyed himself?"

"He has! he has!"

"How? In what manner?"

"Drowned, sir. He jumped over Westminster bridge, right into the water. Oh, what distraction his poor mind must have been in, to urge him to such a death as that!"

Oscar rose and looked from the window. Cold as was his nature, the news could not fail to shock him—although he was the inheritor.

"Has the body been found?" he presently asked.

"No. Perhaps it never will be. The officers say, not half the bodies that get into the Thames ever see the light again. But his fate is as certain, sir, as if it had been; and it may yet be found. Curious to say, a young man who works for his tailor, passed along the bridge, just before two o'clock, and saw him there, hanging half over the parapet; just as if he was going to drop into it. He pulled him back, but, he says, when he saw it was Mr. Dalrymple, he begged his pardon and walked on. At two, the men, in a barge there, heard the splash in the water, and the next day his hat was found in the stream, and brought home."

"It is sad news," said Oscar. "I and Mrs. Dalrymple were on the point of starting for London. It is of no use now."

"Oscar," called out the voice of Mrs. Dalrymple, "where are you? We have not many minutes."

"How ever shall I break it to them?" muttered Oscar. "I do not like the mission."

He walked across the hall, *not his own*, and re-entered the breakfast-room. He proceeded with his task as well as he could, and got through it, not telling them the worst particulars at first, and almost thankful that Alice fainted and fell on the floor, because it caused some diversion to Mrs. Dalrymple's death-like shock.

And, ere the mid day sun was at its height, the estate was ringing with the news that its generous young landlord had passed away, with his faults and his follies, and that Oscar Dalrymple reigned at the Grange.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE investigation of the House Select Committee on Printing, discloses the fact, that the printing for the last two Congresses cost about $4,700,000.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1858.

All the Contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of THE POST is $2 a year in advance—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PRO BONO PUBLICO is a German gentleman who writes us a sharp reply to some statements by Henry Mayhew regarding progress in Germany, copied into THE POST some weeks ago. Henry Mayhew's remarks, our friend must remember, only refer to some little insular spot, rather slow and behind the age, such as every tourist finds in every country, even in secular England and swift America. Besides, the author wrote half in jest. It is unnecessary to print our friend's spirited reply. Everybody knows how much we and all the world owe to Germany. Her blood is in our veins, her inventions arm our hands, her thought moulds our lives. She is one of the first of the nations—in the front of the van. Let Henry Mayhew have his paragraph and his joke. Who cares?

GAS.

Mr. Cresson, the Engineer of the Philadelphia Gas Works, has published a long article relative to the large gas bills of which our citizens are complaining. Mr. Cresson advises the diminishing of the pressure by partially turning off the stop-cock in the cellar. A very good idea this; but how is it with the pressure at the Works—is it not often stronger than there is any necessity for its being?

As to the improper filling of the meters, Mr. Cresson says:—

All the meters in use are examined and tested at frequent intervals by the inspectors, who are carefully trained to their duties, and instructed to keep them as nearly as possible in the proper condition for correct measurement of the gas. Now, is it claiming too much for these officers, who, from the highest to the lowest, have not the slightest motive, from personal interest, to inflict a wrong upon their fellow-citizens, to ask that their statements, carefully recorded in writing, should be received with reasonable confidence, at least until they are proved to be erroneous?

How is it, if the above be correct, that the meters are so commonly found filled above the proper water-line? The day after Mr. Cresson's communication appeared, we found a friend's meter thus over-filled.

A letter now before us from Louisville, Kentucky, says that the same complaints as to the gas bills are current in that city. The writer, Mr. John Walton, the Inspector of the Gas Company, imputes it to the "very dark weather with which they have been visited," which caused an earlier lighting-up than usual. We are not conscious that the season in this city has been any darker than usual, however it may have been in the West. The same gentleman says:—

"We look upon the wet meter as an *instrument of average*, which if filled to its highest water line, and then allowed to stop for want of water, measures the gas passed through it with more correctness than almost any other article sold."

The language of the above would seem to bear the inference that the true water line should range somewhere between the water line marked by the side-screw, and a much lower point, in order to give the consumer proper measure. In other words, that after the meter is once filled, it should not be refilled until it stops, or the gas begins to flicker, from want of water. If this view be correct—Mr. Cresson can inform us if it is not—we are all in the regular habit of paying for more gas than we really use.

It would please us to think that the Gas Companies are generally entirely innocent of all unfairness in the treatment of their customers, but at present we are not able to do so. Whether they are, or are not, however, it is only fair that there should be Inspectors of Meters appointed in every place where gas is largely used.

THE OPERA.—We are afraid this foreign "institution" can never be domesticated in Philadelphia. The *Public Ledger*, in an article in its favor, which endeavors to rally the public to the rescue, cries:—

The experiment now being made, whether it is possible to make the opera a permanent amusement in Philadelphia, is, we are sorry to say, in danger of failure. What is the cause? Is it that there is no such thing as a refined and cultivated musical taste in this city? Are our pretensions in this respect a sham, and our appreciation of art only a fashionable excitement, which has its run while novelty lasts, but soon palls and subsides into indifference and neglect? We cannot believe this is the fact.

Whether the *Ledger* can believe it or not, it will probably ascertain by the result, that the appreciation of the Italian opera in this city, is only a "fashionable excitement" and a "sham." There is not even as much solid substance in the "love for the opera," as there is in the huge hoops which are seen parading our streets, and which are about three-fourths mere fashion.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 195—Adults 84, and children 111.

RELIGIO CHRISTI.

In commencing the publication of a work, remarkable for pictorial beauty, eloquence, and graphic power, the second instalment of which appears in this week's paper under the above caption, it is proper to say something which may serve not only to acquaint our readers with what they may expect from these pages, but to bring them into more intimate relation with the talented gentleman, their author. It happens fortunately that at a time when the attention of the community is specially directed to religious considerations, we are enabled to deepen the impressions of the hour by scattering broadcast a work the golden thread of whose design is to trace through much that is entirely secular and scientific, the progress of an individual soul up from cold unbelief to vital faith in a noble Christianity. It is a true autobiography that we thus present to our readers, and that such can be as interesting as the most vivid romance, the work itself will prove. Its course, which has run thus far through the tumultuous multiplicities of life in London, will henceforth lie among the picturesque and wild varieties of experience in Australia. To that country the author at an early period of his existence, went, an infidel; and it was in those solemn solitudes, or "by the long wash of Australasian seas," that he first "fought his doubts and gathered strength," making good against the onslaught of Apollyon his claim to immortal peace and the victor's crown. Yet it is not merely a narrative of sequestered spiritual strivings, or a history of lonely intellectual victories that comes to us here fresh with the breath of the Tasmanian breezes, and lit and tinted with the beauty of the Southern stars. It is also a record of graphic and various experience and adventure—of hundred-handed, intimate contact with all manner of men and things in those wild settlements whose crowding roar of life now invades the soft silence of the Indian seas. Thick-strewn with solemn thought and lonely musing, with argumentative appeal and disquisition, and all the jewel rays and rainbow hues which active fancy and classic culture can cast upon a narrative, are also varied pictures of the wonderful Australian scenery, clear accounts of the practical life, manners, social customs, and institutions of the country, details of the operations of governmental arrangements, records of individual adventure, sketches of convict-life, incidents and anecdotes of the courts, the streets, the purlieus of towns, the haunts of bushrangers, the farms of squatters, and, in a word, panoramic presentations of the region's diverse varieties of existence as they appeared to the eye of a familiar personal experience.

With this word of introduction we leave our readers to a pleasant journey, by easy stages, with a "guide, philosopher and friend," whom all thoughtful people will find a most agreeable and instructive companion.

GENIALITY OF PHILADELPHIA.—We alluded recently to the proof furnished by the daily telegraphic returns of the temperature of different places, of the singularly genial character of our own climate this winter. The following accounts, taken at random, prove that the same state of affairs still continues.

Thursday, March 11.		
Philadelphia,	3 P. M.,	55 degrees.
New York,	"	46 "
Buffalo,	"	38 "
Boston,	"	28 "
Washington,	1 P. M.,	52 "
Richmond,	"	48 "
Norfolk,	"	52 "
Bristol, Tenn.,	"	34 "
Charleston,	"	50 "
Savannah,	"	54 "
New Orleans,	"	59 "
Baltimore,	"	62 "
Tuesday, March 16.		
Philadelphia,	3 P. M.,	67 "
New York,	1 45 P. M.,	53 "
Boston,	"	46 "
Baltimore,	"	71 "
Washington,	"	60 "
Charleston,	"	56 "
Mobile,	"	60 "
New Orleans,	"	66 "
Wednesday, March 17.		
Philadelphia,	3 P. M.,	67 "
New York,	2½ "	55 "
Boston,	" "	55 "
Richmond	1.40	61 "
Charleston,	"	61 "
Savannah,	"	58 "
Mobile,	"	65 "
New Orleans,	"	70 "
Thursday, March 18.		
Philadelphia,	Noon,	65 "
Baltimore,		66 "
Memphis, Tenn.,		58 "
New Orleans,		75 "

Making due allowance for the difference of temperature between 1 and 3 P. M., the telegraphic reports are singularly favorable to Philadelphia—and, we may add, Baltimore. On the 16th, it will be noticed, it was just about as warm in our own city as in New Orleans—and decidedly warmer than in Richmond, Norfolk, &c. We should not be surprised if the average temperature of Philadelphia this winter should prove to be considerably higher than that of the sea-board cities of the "Old Dominion." Last week was almost as mild and genial as June.

FRANCE AND ENGLAND.—It is stated, we know not upon how good authority, that even among the Ministers of Louis Napoleon are to be found men anxious for a war with England, and who argue with him that now is the time for action. But it is said that the Emperor himself is strongly averse to war—and when it was suggested that the French Ambassador at London, should be instructed to demand an apology from the English Government for certain indignities offered to French police agents in Hyde Park, that Louis Napoleon cut the matter short by saying, "For God's sake, gentlemen, don't talk of this, or we shall be in extremities in twenty-four hours: I know Hyde Park, and the absurdities of an English mob; if we are wise, we must always take a higher ground than this." If this be so, it shows the Emperor's sagacity.

THE REVIVAL OF BUSINESS.—As near as we can ascertain, our merchants are generally doing about half of what they consider an average Spring business. It is thought by some, and the indications do not discourage the belief, that business will go on steadily improving from this time until the close of navigation in the Fall. For some years now, we suppose, we may look for a steady improvement of business, year by year—then in ten years, moderately hard times again; and, in twenty years, another grand blow-up and break-down. Unless our people grow wiser—which is more than doubtful.

WHERE WE ARE GOING.—A New York correspondent of one of our Philadelphia journals writes:—

"I suspect there is no city in the Union—I am confident there is none abroad—where the majority of the ruling authorities are so invariably from the dregs of the people, as they are in this wretchedly misgoverned city. It is almost impossible to secure a seat here, in either Board of the Common Council, unless you keep a tavern, a faro table, a livery stable, a model artist saloon, a policy office, or the haunt of some clique of shoulder-hitters, panel-thieves, and blacklegs. Either of these respectable callings will entitle you to become an alderman or councilman, when you are at liberty to get drunk, to fight in the streets, to get up disturbances in the *bagnois* of our city, and to disgrace your constituents generally with perfect impunity. The more infamously you may conduct yourself on such occasions, the more characteristic will it become of your public position."

Though the above is doubtless exaggerated, the sober truth is far too near the statements made, to be altogether comforting and pleasant. In Philadelphia there is a constant tendency to the same abuses, which needs to be constantly checked. One proper check is, for all respectable people resolutely to refuse to vote for a worthless character, whether he profess their political creed or not. The election of lawless, unscrupulous and corrupt men to places of political trust, does far more harm than the success of any "party" in a municipal election can do good. One great difficulty, however, which the voters in a large city labor under, is the difficulty of ascertaining the real characters of the numerous candidates.

THE FEDERALISTS.—Col. Benton, in his View of the Sixteenth Congress, contained in his "Abridgment of the Debates of Congress," published by *Messrs. Appleton & Co.*, of New York, a work which every American library should contain, says:—

There I made my first acquaintance with the federal gentlemen of the old school, and while differing from them on systems of policy, soon came to appreciate their high personal character, to admire their finished manners, to recognize their solid patriotism (according to their views of government), and to feel grateful to them as the principal founders of our Government; and in all this I only divided sentiments with the old republicans, all living on terms of personal kindness with their political adversaries, and with perfect respect for each other's motives and opinions. They are all gone—their bodies buried in the earth, their works buried under rubbish, and their names beginning to fade from the memory of man—and I, (who stood so far behind them in their great day that praise from me would have seemed impertinence,) I have become, in some sort, their historiographer and introducer to the world. I abridge the Debates of Congress! those debates in which their wisdom, virtue, modesty, patriotism lie buried. I resurrect the whole! put them in scene again on the living stage, every one with the best of his works in his hand: a labor of love and pride to me, of justice to them, and, I hope, of utility to many generations.

So far has the knowledge of those not very distant days already faded out, that intelligent men in conversation often manifest the greatest ignorance even as to the leading features which distinguished one great party of that period from the other—and, sometimes, are ignorant of the very names under which those parties enrolled themselves.

LOCKING THE STABLE BEFORE THE HORSE IS STOLEN.—The Prussian Government, when preparing for the popular festivities that ensued on the arrival of the Prince of Prussia and his English bride, arrested and locked up all the pickpockets of Berlin, in order that they should not interfere with the enjoyment of the occasion. When the festivities were over, the authorities let them loose again. Not a bad idea that—and, though one of our contemporaries thinks it despotic, we wish we had a little more of the same kind of despotism in this country. Where a man is known to make his living by theft—being found constantly engaged in it, and having no honest means of support—we think it absurd to treat him as we would an honest, or even only suspected man.

SHOCKING AFFAIR AT THERESA, DODGE COUNTY—MURDER OF A YOUNG LADY BY HER LOVER.—On Saturday last, Robert Schmidt, of Theresa, in Dodge county, shot down, in the street of that place, Harriet Seidler, a young lady about twenty years of age. The parties were engaged to be married about one year ago, and Schmidt had come over from St. Paul, Van Buren county, Michigan, where he has resided about a year, to fulfil the engagement; but the parents of the young lady objected to the marriage, in consequence of which it was arranged between the lovers that Schmidt should first shoot the young lady and then shoot himself. He executed his design, so far as the young lady was concerned, but failed to shoot himself on account of the loss of the cap on his gun.

After failing in this, he ran and threw himself into the river, with the intention to drown himself, but was rescued by persons who saw him. He is now arrested, and awaits a trial. The charge (which was a fine shot) entered the left breast of the young lady, and inflicted a horrible wound, of which she expired on Sunday morning, about two o'clock. She had her senses up to the last, and charged her parents with being responsible for the awful deed, and acquitted her lover of all blame. The parties, as their names indicate, were Germans.—*Milwaukee News of the 16th inst.*

THE PERILS OF CRINOLINE.—The following paragraph shows the perils of wearing too many hoops: "The frightful death in Boston, on Friday night last, of a young lady, the daughter of a respectable resident of Beacon street, who was standing near the chimney-piece, when her under-garments suddenly took fire, was caused by crinoline. It is hardly necessary for us to inflict upon our lady readers a lesson in physics, in order to make it perfectly plain to them that the protection of the flames in such a case by the enveloping crinoline, must act upon them precisely in the manner of a chimney with a "blower" and draught; and if they would form some notion of the extent of the dangers of this kind which they actually and daily incur, we may refer them to the London Court Journal of Feb. 20th, in which we find a catalogue of no less than nineteen deaths from this cause, occurring in England, between the 1st of January and the middle of February. Certainly an average of three deaths per week from crinolines in conflagration ought to startle the most thoughtless of the privileged sex; and to make them at least, extraordinarily careful in their movements and behaviour, if it fails (as of course it will) to deter them from adopting a fashion so fraught with peril.

RIOT AT TORONTO.—During the dinner of the St. Patrick's Association, on the 17th, while Darcy McGee was speaking, the hotel was attacked by a mob, and the windows smashed. Firearms were freely used, but without any fatal effect. The disturbance was quieted by the police.

New Publications.

SARTAROE, A TALE OF NORWAY, By JAMES MAITLAND, (T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.) is a fiction altogether lacking in force or grace of diction, constructive skill, originality of conception or execution, dramatic or psychologic power, imaginative details, ability at characterization, moral purpose, pathos or humor, the many-colored various stir of life or the glow and hue of nature. It is one of those negative stories, read by people who have time to kill, and rather characterized by the absence of any noticeable merit than the presence of any prominent defect.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for April, (Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston,) is full of entertaining and valuable reading. The continuation of the admirable paper on the Catacombs of Rome, enables us to know still more of the lives of the marty-saints of the early Christian eras. "Amours de Voyage" is full of sad and deep suggestion, only marred by being cast in clumsy and prosaic hexameters. Emerson contributes a brilliant article on Persian Poetry, with numerous translations. Holmes' "Autocrat" is still a bundle of frolic sunbeams, glancing on all manner of subjects. "Who is the Thief?" is a clever story. "Sandalphon" is a poem, probably by Longfellow, in which stands a great angel. Other poems and articles, more or less fine, make up this number of a magazine whose variety is only one of the spices of its life.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW for February, (Leonard Scott & Co., New York, W. B. Zieber, Philada.,) is full of choice reading. The great merit of the four leading English reviews lies not so much in their criticism, though this is often of a very high order, as in their admirable condensations of valuable books. Frequently their readers find the entire pith of some remarkable volume compressed into a single article. In this way they manage to present complete digests, or comprehensive accounts, of most of the famous works in all the departments of literature. It is a merit which even Ruskin—who has lately set a dogmatic foot upon all magazines, not, we must own, without some reason—might admit in extenuation of the faults he finds in them. Certainly it is a convenience to have the essential substance of solid quarto and cumbrous folio, thus concentrated into a few pages.

THE HORTICULTURIST (R. P. Smith, Phila.,) is an ably conducted journal of rural art and taste, full of valuable information.

A ROMANCE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

At the last meeting of the Philadelphia Historical Society, the Corresponding Secretary read the following extracts from a letter written Feb. 19, 1858, to him, by Joseph K. Smith, M. D., of Easton:

"I will now narrate an incident that happened in the family of Stephen Shewell, which has never been published, at least in an authentic form, in which Dr. Franklin, and other distinguished persons played parts.

"My grandfather, Joseph Shewell, (son-in-law of Prof. Kinnersly,) and Stephen Shewell, his brother, were in partnership as merchants, in Philadelphia, more than a century ago. They were wealthy, but lost much of their property during the war of the Revolution, by the capture of their vessels by the English. Stephen Shewell was a proud, imperious man, of strong passions, a warm friend and an implacable enemy. His wife, a daughter of Capt. Fordham, was a descendant of the Bickley family. Stephen Shewell had two sisters, one of whom married Abraham Bickley; the other, Elizabeth, after the decease of her parents, resided with her brother Stephen.

"Miss Elizabeth Shewell became acquainted with Benjamin West afterwards, the celebrated artist, and they fell in love with each other.—West, at that time, although descended from a good family, was poor and little known. Stephen Shewell wished his sister to marry another suitor, which she refused to do, in consequence of her attachment to West. The brother objected to West, on account of his poverty and obscurity, and he was forbidden to come to the house. Miss Shewell, however, continued to see him elsewhere, and they became engaged to be married. West then determined to go to Europe and prosecute his studies and profession there, and Miss Shewell promised him that when he notified her of his ability to maintain her, and his wish for her to come to him, she would proceed to join him in any part of Europe and marry him. Her brother was informed of her meetings with West, and of the engagements she had entered into with him; so, to prevent any further intercourse between them, he confined her to her chamber, and kept her under lock and key until after West's departure for Europe.

"West pursued his studies and profession for some time in various places on the Continent, and finally settled at London, where he soon met with sufficient patronage to justify him in calling on Miss Shewell to fulfill her promise. He then made arrangements for her to come to him in the same vessel that conveyed his request to her, and also that his father should accompany her on the voyage. Upon the receipt of his message, Miss Shewell prepared for her departure, but her brother was apprised of her intention, and again confined her to her chamber. Her engagement to West was well known in Philadelphia, and her brother's tyrannical treatment of her excited great indignation against him, and strong sympathy for his sister. In this state of things, the late Bishop White, who was my guest on his late patriarchal visit to Easton, told us that he (then about eighteen years of age) and Dr. Franklin, (about fifty-nine years of age) and Francis Hopkinson (twenty-nine years of age), when the vessel was ready to sail, procured a rope-ladder, went to the captain, and engaged him to set sail as soon as they brought a lady on board; took old Mr. West to the ship, and went at midnight to Stephen Shewell's house, attached the ladder to a window in Miss Shewell's chamber, and got her safely out and to the vessel, which sailed a few minutes after she entered it.

"I observed to the Bishop that few persons who knew him now would believe that he had once turned knight-errant, and liberated an imprisoned damsel from confinement. He replied that Miss Shewell's case was a hard one, and all her friends were indignant at the treatment she had received: that he had done right; and, he added, with warmth, if it were to do over, he would do it again: for it was evident that God had intended they should come together, and man had no right to keep them asunder.

"Mr. West was in waiting for Miss Shewell when she arrived in England, and they were soon married—September 2nd, 1765. Neither of them ever returned to this country. Stephen Shewell never forgave his sister, and, although she made many efforts to conciliate him, he refused all communication with her."

Mr. Jones added that Stephen Shewell was the maternal grandfather of Leigh Hunt, of London.

THE Hudson river is open to Albany. The boats commenced running on the 19th.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

A TEMPEST IN A TEA POT—WHY DO YOU LAUGH?—THE PASSPORT NUISANCE—AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

Paris, February 25, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The amazement of the public on this side of the channel at the sudden caprice of the House of Commons, and its resulting effects, is naturally very great, and has led to a deal of wordy declamation in all the journals. The Emperor, like a sensible man, will probably take matters quietly, and wait for a sample of the doings of the new British Cabinet in full confidence of uninterrupted amity; for he has lived long enough in England to know that the intelligence of the country is heartily and earnestly in favor of the Anglo-French alliance, and that any administration which should lose sight of that fact would be speedily overturned.

While the last balls of the Carnival have come and gone, with their masks, their costumes, and their various extravagances, and the churches are filled with crowds of women, and a thin sprinkling of the other sex, M. Michiels, a well-known writer of considerable talent, and renowned for his love of analytic investigation, has put forth a book called *The Theory of the Comic*, in which he attempts the solution of the problem, *What is the nature of laughter, and why do we laugh?* A question which comes in very appropriately at the end of the mirthful season just closed, as the Parisians have now a store of merriment in their memory, and may proceed to test the theory of the author by their own remembrances, and so relieve the gravity of Lenten meditations.

For several years, M. Michiels has been busy observing his neighbors, the public, and himself, and every time a laugh occurred within the sphere of his observation, he wrote down the manifestation, the circumstances that called it forth, and the mode of its production; after which he set himself to work to analyse the instance, with a view to ascertain what springs of the human mind had been set in movement thereby, and the nature of the relation between the various elements of the resulting phenomenon; in other words, to ascertain "the how, the why, and the wherefore" of the cachinatory process. The curious book just published gives us the results of all these analyses.

Our author lays down as the foundation of his new theory, the principle that whatever is contrary to the ideal of absolute perfection excites the scorn of the human race, and produces a comic effect on the mind. This ideal embraces every aspect of our nature, and all our relations with the external world. It is the duty of man to possess in himself the most diverse species of worthfulness, and so to regulate his affections and his intellectual powers as that all his faculties may be in a state of perpetual equilibrium. He must keep himself in a state of harmonious relation with everything about him; on the one hand, with his fellow beings, on the other, with the physical agencies and objects that surround him. If he fail to arrive at this result, he is immediately punished for his ill-success by becoming ridiculous.

Having thus laid down his principle, the author proceeds to demonstrate its soundness by the method of application and deduction.

Every human being ought to be beautiful. Deviations from this rule render a man comical. Undue thinness or plumpness, disproportioned arms or legs, an ill-formed head, any physical deformity, in short, any ugliness, incite a man's neighbors to amuse themselves at his expense, unless, indeed, the deformity be accompanied with physical suffering, in which case the hilarity of the spectator is changed by pity into compassion. In like manner, any weakness, ignorance, or aberration of mind, excites our amusement, unless the obliquity be so great as to change our mirth into horror or disgust.

But the sentiment of *comicality* is not excited only by the oddities of physical conformation, and the errors of action that spring from ignorance or the want of mental balance. Our passions and affections should all point to the noblest objects, and there should also exist a perfect harmony between the measure of their intensity and the degree of the worth and importance of those objects. A youth in love with a contemporary of his great-grandmother, an octogenarian at the feet of a beauty of sixteen, a philosopher so intent upon the abstractions of the intelligence as to lose sight of the simplest and most necessary conditions of everyday existence, a scientific mind exclusively absorbed in beetles, the passion of a Titania for a Bottom, the admiration of a blockhead for a talent which he cannot comprehend, and of people in general for some pet predilection which is utterly devoid of charm to their neighbors, every sentiment or passion, that is to say, not evidently justified by the worthiness of its object, provokes a fit of hilarity on the part of the spectator.

Our instincts should be subordinated to our reason, and the conditions of life should aid us in attaining the aims of our mental and affectional activities. Thus the caprices, the obstacles, and the accidents which impair the absolute perfection, and hinder the satisfaction, of our careers, are an inexhaustible source of jokes and railleries. Incompatibility of humor between people destined to live together, or of ideas, sentiments, and convictions between persons who come together in society, produce dissidences that provoke the scorn of the ludicrous whether they occur in the domestic or social sphere, or in that of literature, commerce, politics, science, or art.

Failure in any enterprise, implying disparity between the intention and the power of performance, want of attention to the received proprieties of manners and deportment, or exaggerated attention to them, showing disparity between a man and his social surroundings: the insistance upon some aim or topic to which those around him are indifferent, implying disparity of judgment and of feeling: all these, and a thousand other similar discrepancies, provoke the mirth of those around us.

According to this theory, all we have to do, in order to secure ourselves from the shafts of ridicule is simply to be perfect in mind, body, estate, and all the relations of life. We shall thus be in harmony with the ideal of perfection, and no one will be ever tempted to make fun of us; and we shall also be happy, virtuous, wise, and successful, as a matter of course, and without having to give ourselves any special trouble for the attainment of those ends. We thus find that the sentiment of the comic is of great service in acting as a guide, to show us what to avoid, and thus, by a negative action, driving us towards the perfection which is the opposite of the defects and mistakes which draw on us the ridicule we wish to avoid. You dislike being laughed at? Be so perfect that you offer no incongruity to excite the smile of your neighbors, and you are sure of escaping this formidable hilarity that you dread. Thus our very vanity serves as our teacher; and nature, in her maternal solicitude, has not only given us the sun, moon, and stars of conscience, judgment, and science to light our paths, but is seen to have hung a lantern in the dark places of our weaknesses and extravagances, by hiding lessons of wisdom in the mechaniam of the human laugh.

But, argues our author, it may at first sight seem incomprehensible that defects should cause laughter; for we know, for example, that a disagreeable odor, a defective form, in fact any want of harmony, is not productive of the slightest pleasureable emotion: why, then, should folly, ignorance or extravagance have this power? How should the imperfections of our neighbors excite our gaiety, in which emotion a feeling of pleasure is always mingled, to a greater or less degree? Our pleasure, he answers, is not produced by the vices which we perceive; it has a higher and purer source.—The sentiment of the Comic possesses this analogy with that of the Sublime, that it does not draw its efficacy from the external world; both of them derive their existence from phenomena of the mind, from a particular disposition of our mental existence. Sublimity is not a quality inherent in the things that call it forth; but such objects or actions have the power of rousing in our minds the sense of the Infinite, to which perception it appertains. In like manner, but conversely, irregularities, incongruities and deficiencies, ignorance, folly, incompatibility, disproportion, &c., are not in themselves comic, but their manifestations have the effect of exciting the sense of the Ludicrous in our mind, because they contradict the ideal of the Perfect and the Absolute; and thus, the manifestations of Strength, Beauty, Grandeur, attaining the highest limits possible to our organs, awaken in us the ideal of the Infinite, and produce the feeling of the Sublime, or, conversely, the defects of things awaken in us, by force of contrast, the same ideal, provoking our mirth by their opposition and contrast thereto.

This thesis the author maintains with abundance of argument, and a great number of cuts illustrative of the various points involved; and assures us that, whatever we may think of the explanation he thus furnishes us of "the peculiar faculty of man," future ages will certainly throw the weight of their acceptance into the balance.

A subject which is by no means "a laughing matter," is that of the new difficulties which have been contrived in the regulations of the Passport Department, already so bristling with worriment, delay, and every species of official torment. It really seems as though it were the intention of the Government to let no one into the country, and to let no one, if in, ever get out again. The recital of the miseries of those who are needing to go abroad is something that surpasses one's utmost idea of the proverbial *vexatoriness* of the process of getting one's passport in order.

For instance, a friend of mine here, had kindly undertaken the troublesome and responsible business of choosing a French maid for a grand London lady, who wanted a paragon of dressing, trimming, *coiffure*, clear-starching, and dress-making, combined with honesty, industry, good morals, good temper, and good accent, not always easy to obtain. However, my friend, who is a pretty good judge in such cases, took the field in her friend's behalf, and was so fortunate as to secure a phœnix of a creature, a pearl, a jewel of lady's-maids, and who had no objection to go to London. Character was ascertained, wages and duties satisfactorily settled, the whole arrangement made, and the phœnix employed to execute a number of commissions for her future mistress, all of which was done in the most complete and successful manner. As the phœnix had travelled much with former mistresses, she had passports and papers, as she thought, all in form; and marched down to the Prefecture of Police a few days ago to get her passport endorsed for London, little suspecting the hornet's nest she was putting her foot into. The people at the Prefecture told her that her passport was no longer valid; since the row of last month, a new passport being made necessary. And this new passport they would not give her until she brought witnesses to prove that she was really the same person she pretended to be; in addition to her having to show her certificates of birth, baptism, and half-a-dozen others, imaginable only in the depths of red-tapeism. She got witnesses, whom she was obliged to fee (for no one does anything for nothing in this chivalrous France), and two dollars lost thus to a poor girl out of her wages is not a trifle. When she marched down again to the Prefecture, with the affidavits of her witnesses, proving that she was herself, and inhabited the lodgings of which she had given the address, they told her she could not have her passport without producing a certificate from her last place before entering her present lodgings. Now, her last mistress, wishing to travel, and not needing a maid, dismissed her for that sole reason: and Marie, the phœnix, instead of taking another place, went into lodgings, and resumed her old trade of dress-making, just to get her hand fully in again before seeking a new place. Her last mistress left Paris, and is now in Belgium or Russia, or somewhere in the north, and a great way off: which is all Marie knows of her whereabouts. She has spent two wearisome days in trying to get this lady's address, and has not yet succeeded. She is thus losing her time, the lady in London fuming with impatience at the delay, and the police people utterly refusing the passport. If she can get the address of the former mistress, she will write and beg her to send the needed certificate; but should the letter miscarry, or the lady neglect to answer the appeal, poor phœnix will be unable to leave the country, will have been put to a considerable loss of time and money, and will lose the certainty of a capital place, while my friend, who has had a world of trouble in the matter, and her friend, who has dismissed her former servant, and is waiting impatiently for the phœnix, will alike have lost their pains and their correspondence. No wonder all this bother annoys the French; but will a grand blow up, succeeded by some new tyranny, make matters any better?

But enough of a disagreeable subject. The high wind now raging, precursor of the Equinox, reminds us that spring is coming, and summer in her train; and people are already choosing country-houses, or planning tours, for the return of fine weather.

That unsympathizing fate which condemns pearls to gleam in the darkling haunts of fishes, and flowers to spend their breath and their beauty for the sole delectation of birds and of bees, seems also to take a perverse pleasure in keeping some of the most admirable scenes of which our little planet can boast, shut away from the steps of the tourists, who, following one another, for the most part, in the same beaten track, little dream how much beauty and magnificence they are leaving behind them on either hand, as they are dragged onward in the wake of the snorting steam horses!

Not to speak of the legion of pilgrims who have "done" the special glories of Switzerland and Italy, but are still strangers to the beauty of Wales and the sublimity of the Scottish Highlands, how many even of the more adventurous explorers of Continental scenery, know anything of the French Alps and Pyrenees? Yet the latter abound in views of the utmost freshness, boldness, and grandeur; while the region lying between the Jura and the Swiss Alps, the sluggish Saone and the impetuous Rhone, presents combinations of forest, water, and mountain-scenery not surpassed in loveliness by the most favored localities. The wooded heights of San Claude, and the vine-clad hills of Upper Burgundy, the crystal lakes and verdant meadows of the Dresse, the white, cloud-capped peaks and countless cascades of Dauphiné, and the romantic ridges of the Comté Venaisin, opening the fairest of fair vistas to the breezes of the Mediterranean, offer an almost inexhaustible succession of scenes of the utmost splendor and beauty. It was on first beholding one of the exquisite Alpestrian perspectives of this region, that Poussin vented his enthusiasm in his famous exclamation, so true in substance, though so peculiarly French in form, "*Mon Dieu!* how sublime a decorator was he who grouped yonder mountains!"

In these sequestered regions the inhabitants seem to have stood still while the rest of the world has been moving; and their traditional costumes, and old-world customs, are as picturesque as the scenery around them. Each valley has its own peculiarity of garb, all being at once striking and becoming: and from the tall, handsome peasant-women of Arles, with their classic purity of profile, their masses of lustrous hair arranged in the Grecian style, and their attitudes vying in simple dignity with the *poses* of antique statuary, to the lively, coquettish little Bressanes, with their straw hats trimmed with lace, and their short petticoats striped with gold and silver, the women of this region seem made expressly to gladden the eye and inspire the pencil of the artist. Both men and women are simple, hospitable, and industrious; and the field or garden of the widow and the orphan never lacks the kindly husbandry of peasant-neighbors, each of whom takes his appointed turn in its cultivation, and would consider himself dishonored if he failed to contribute his quota to the work. Of book-learning these primitive people have little to boast; but they make up for this deficiency by an abundance of local traditions, and a plentiful share of that development of the imagination yclept superstition.

One of their favorite and most deeply-rooted customs, is that of placing a piece of money or a jewel in the hand of deceased friends at the time of burial; the survivors often imposing on themselves the severest sacrifices in order to provide this last token of provident affection, which they believe will serve to facilitate the arrival of the departed to a happier state of existence. The priests, who regard this custom with horror as a relic of paganism, an offering to enable the defunct to pay the grim ferryman, Charon, for the use of his boat across the Styx, have done their utmost to put it down, but without success. Nor are they right in the origin which they assign to it. For this immemorial observance is the last vestige of the ancient *droit de monteilage*, or burial-fee, formerly paid throughout an immense extent of country to the priesthood of Arles.

When the renowned cemetery of that city, called the *Alyscamps*, or Elysian Fields, was the sacred necropolis of Gaul, and the honor of sepulture within its limits was eagerly desired by the whole nation as conferring a sort of earthly immortality, the inhabitants of both banks of the Rhone used to place their dead in wooden coffins, with money or jewels wrapped in their burial-robe, and commit them, thus enclosed, to the stream, by which they were floated down to Arles.

The people of that city watched daily for the arrival of these frail embarkations, and putting out into the river on their rafts, piloted the waifs to the shore, whence the corpses were conveyed to the cemetery, and there interred, with a degree of pomp proportioned to the amount of the burial fee enclosed in the coffin. The dead were thus frequently brought for burial in the necropolis from every part of Gaul; and so great was the number of coffins thus floated down the Rhone, that not only the priesthood, but the city itself was greatly enriched by the custom, which remained in force for centuries after the introduction of Christianity, the priests of the funeral church of St. Honorat succeeding their Druidic predecessors in the guardianship of the sacred cemetery, and rendering the last rites of the posthumous travellers piloted ashore by the Arlesian boatmen on the bank of La Raquette.

Though the *Alyscamps* of Arles has long since lost its reputation of superior sanctity, and the rapid waters of the Rhone have long ceased to bear their former tribute to the Sacred City of Ancient Gaul, the custom of placing a piece of money, or some object of value in the hand of the dead, is still, as we have seen, in full vigor among the peasantry along its banks; and the efforts of the priests are unavailing to eradicate this last vestige of a period whose very existence is forgotten by the population of to-day.

"Even Misfortune," says the proverb, "hath its uses;" and so, sometimes, has Superstition—an assertion I am prepared to support by the relation of an incident that occurred in one of my summer-wanderings through the lovely region I have been describing; the length of my letter, however, warning me to reserve this reminiscence for my next. QUANTUM.

THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—The House is composed of 241 members, including delegates from seven Territories. Of these, 22 have gray hair, and 29 are bald: 17 wear full beards; 5 the mustache alone, and 113 have whiskers of different fashions, from the "goatee" to the "mutton-chop" style. The appearance of the House is very youthful, and the members are generally medium sized men. North Carolina has the tallest representative, and Maine the shortest. Not more than six members are of the build of the renowned Jack Falstaff, and of these Kentucky has a representative who shows the best living.

Of the members of the House, 86 are accompanied by their wives; 25 by their wives and daughters, and 5 by their daughters alone. About one-fourth of the members are single men, and of these one-half are confirmed old bachelors, and the remainder want to get married whenever they can. There are probably about two dozen "handsome men," in the opinion of ladies, in the House, and about the same number who are, in the opinion of the same judges, "hideous."

There are five members who speak on every question which comes up, and participate in all the legislation done, both public and private. Three always speak for the ladies in the gallery, and are never happy unless some "bright eyes" are gazing at them. About one-half the House are talking men, and these may be divided into seven classes, as follows:—1st. Eloquent and logical orators. 2nd. Logical and eloquent. 3rd. Sound reasoners. 4th. Good talkers. 5th. Buncombe speakers. 6th. Vituperative denouncers, and 7th. Bores. The first four classes, I may add, are very small, while the last three are large.

Hon. Joshua R. Giddings, of Ohio, is the oldest member and the oldest man in the House. He has been here, I believe, about twenty years. Mr. Orr, of South Carolina, the Speaker, has represented his constituents some fourteen years, and Mr. Houston, of Alabama, has been in the House nearly as long.

A "bird's eye view" of the House does not strike the observer with a conviction that it is very great—great in intellect, great in patriotism, great in soul. There is very little genius to emit flashes of light, and the talent among the members is like the gold of Australia, covered up with a great deal of earthy matter. The word which describes the House best is *clever*; the members are very clever men, in every sense of the term, and there is as much goodness of heart among them as can be found in any 241 men in the country.—*Washington Corres. of Pennsylvanian.*

THE LATE KANSAS ELECTION.—The Cincinnati Gazette contains the following special correspondence from Quindaro, Kansas, dated March 11th, which says: The election of delegates to the Constitutional Convention, so far as heard from, has passed off quietly. In Leavenworth county, a Douglas Democratic ticket was put in the field, but was beaten by five to one by the regular Free State ticket. In Jefferson county, a "bolting" Free State ticket was run, because the regular ticket was too radical to suit some parties; but the latter was elected. In nearly all the other counties there was no opposition to the regular Free State ticket, the Pro-Slavery men refusing to go into the election. There being substantially no opposition, the Free State vote was not quite as heavy as on the 4th of January. It is estimated at about nine thousand.

A Baptist Conference for the Territory has been in session at Lawrence for several days. Thirteen churches were represented. An association was formed, but four of the churches withdrew on account of the anti-slavery character of the association.

In spite of Gov. Denver's proclamation, issued several days since, advising that the work of enrolling the militia should cease, the enrollment is steadily progressing, two hundred enrolling officers being engaged in it, in different parts of the Territory.

THE STAMP STORY REDIVIVUS.—Every six or twelve months, the papers circulate a story to the effect that some erratic booby offers a considerable amount of money for old postage stamps in sufficient quantities to paper the walls of a room. Now it is located in Germany, and a count, richer in money than brains, makes the proposal; then it is England, where a crotchety lord advertises for the stamps, and some dozens of persons frantically run about collecting them. At last we have it located in America, among the hills of New Hampshire. A gentleman offers to liberally educate a young man if he will collect sufficient three cent stamps to paper a room—dimensions not given. Three young ladies have enlisted in the stamp crusade, and have collected some thousands towards the benevolent purpose—the student probably to receive a theological education, as the Young Ladies' Benevolent Knitting and Sewing Societies have been known mainly to contribute to such purposes. The next we shall hear of the stamp story will be on the part of the King of the Cannibal Islands offering the bones of a broiled missionary for postage stamps to cover the walls of his palace.

MEXICAN AFFAIRS.—Mexican affairs do not improve any. The Zuloaga government seems to be absolutely powerless to establish order. A desperate conflict was expected to take place about the 6th or 7th inst., at Celaya, the Government forces and the opposition being about equal as to numbers, each having some 6,000 troops. The Extraordinary has no hope of peace for a long time. The Zuloaga government had made a forced levy to secure soldiers, and for this purpose was seizing upon servants as they issue from the houses of their employers. This has produced so much fear that servants refuse to go out on their employers' business. The Juarez, or Federal government, was at Guadalajara, and its friends report that the States of the interior are combining to overthrow that of Zuloaga. The Church has come to Zuloaga's aid with a million and a half dollars in paper, which is at forty per cent. discount. What the upshot will be no one can predict, but if Zuloaga can raise money the chances are decidedly in his favor.

AWFUL GARDNER AT THE JOHN STREET PRAYER MEETING—Awful Gardner was present at the John Street Methodist Church today. He is a powerful man, six feet high, and well built. He has a strong voice, which was distinctly heard in every part of the house. He said he was not ashamed to declare that his past life had not been what it should have been. He had tried all the amusements and pleasures of the world, but never found any real satisfaction in them, and had enjoyed himself more in one hour since his conversion than in all his former life. He wished it understood that he was on the Lord's side. The audience, he said knew how faithfully he had served Satan heretofore, and he was determined to serve the Lord as faithfully in the future as he had the devil in the past.—*N. Y. Post.*

SINGULAR DELUSION.—The New York Sun states that Victor Mix, a resident of Hume, Allegheny county, N. Y., has been seated, for the last four weeks, upon two dozen eggs, for the purpose of hatching them, by the direction of the spirits!

FOREIGN NEWS.

THREE DAYS LATER—POLITICAL AFFAIRS IN ENGLAND, &C.

The Royal Mail steamship Arabia, from Liverpool on the 6th inst., arrived at New York on the 20th. She furnishes three days' later intelligence.

There was quite a lull in the political world. The political and general news is meagre, and possesses but little importance.

The members of the Derby Cabinet were being re-elected to Parliament, generally without opposition.

The Italian Constitutional party are holding a conference in London, to agitate the formation of a National Confederation in Italy.

The Italian Conference held at London resolved to prepare an address to the various powers of Europe, setting forth the claims of Italy, to have her wants considered.

The propriety of holding a great Exhibition in 1861, in London, is being canvassed.

The Bank of England will make advances on Government securities during the closing of the transfer books till the 19th of April, at 3 per cent.

There has been a decided increase in applications to the Bank of England, on the 5th inst., although the supply was apparently abundant.

Considerable snow had fallen in England, and heavy gales prevailed on the coast.

Dr. Livingston and his party were on board a vessel of the navy, and expected to sail for Africa the day the Arabia left.

FRANCE.—The condemned Italian conspirators have not yet been executed. Numerous arrests continue to be made, it is said in consequence of the discovery of a conspiracy with extensive ramifications.

Gen. Changarnier refuses to return to France until she passes a law protecting the dignity and safety of the inhabitants.

The Paris Bourse was depressed.

The French squadron on the Banks of Newfoundland will consist of three steamers instead of two, as formerly.

The *Journal des Debats* publishes an account of the capture of Canton, giving all the glory to France. It says the English did nothing but occupy the positions won by the French.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Danish ministerial crisis has been settled, and the ministers withdrew their resignations.

The faculties of the King of Prussia were declining daily.

A fire in Constantinople has destroyed three hundred houses.

An earthquake has laid Corinth in ruins. Thirty lives were lost.

Vessels having on board 170,000 ounces of gold, left Australia for England, in the latter part of December.

The harvest in Australia promised great abundance.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET, March 5th.—Middling qualities have improved ¼d, owing to the light stock on hand. The sales to-day, Friday, amount to 5000 bales, the market closing quiet, and quotations being barely maintained. Holders offer freely, but show no disposition to force sales, at the following quotations:

	Orleans.	Mobile.	Uplands.
Fair	8¼	8	7 15-16
Middling	7¾	7¾	7 7-16

The stock in port is estimated at 181,000 bales, including only 82,000 bales of American. The stock is lower than at any time for twenty years past.

NOON, March 6.—Messrs. Richardson, Spence & Co. quote a declining tendency in Cotton, and that all the advance of the week had been lost. Holders offer freely. Sales to-day 5000 bales.

Breadstuffs generally quiet and steady. Provisions closed dull.

STATE OF TRADE.—The advices from Manchester continue of a favorable character, and an advance in prices is demanded by holders.

LIVERPOOL BREADSTUFFS MARKET.—The Circulars report the Liverpool Breadstuffs market as generally dull, excepting Corn, which closed with an advancing tendency, and an improvement of 6d to 1s on all qualities.

The Money Market is reported as generally unchanged. American securities were slow of sale, but the prices were unaltered. The bullion in the Bank of England increased fully £6000 during the week.

Beef heavy; Pork dull; Bacon quiet; Lard firm, and more doing at 46s 56s. Pot and Pearl Ashes dull at 33s 35s. Sugar buoyant for lots on the spot; transactions for cargoes to arrive show a slight decline. Coffee quiet; Rice firm, and all qualities have improved, middling grades being most affected. Rosin firm at 4s 5d 4s 6d; Spirits Turpentine firm at 42s 43s.

LONDON MARKET, March 5.—Breadstuffs steady; Sugar firm; Tea very dull; Coffee firm, fair qualities improved 1s; Rice firm at an advance of 3s 6d. Spirits Turpentine dull, declined 2s 3d; Tallow has slightly advanced.

A GOOD BOY.—A lad named O'Brien, who obtains a livelihood by peddling apples on the Elyria cars, found, a few days since, a package of $5,500 in bank notes, which had been lost in the cars by a Mr. Bishop, who had brought the money from Cleveland for H. E. Mussey, of Elyria. The lad was so elated at his good fortune that he took the money to bed with him, and sat up all night watching it. Next day it was given to Mr. Mussey, when the lad was rewarded with a suit of clothes and a deed of 160 acres of land. We understand that Mr. Mussey also offered to give the boy a thorough business education, but the father declined for the present, as he did not wish to part with him.

FRIDAY SUPERSTITION.—Who would have believed it? The English papers state that the Leviathan could have been easily launched on the Friday before the Sunday on which she was got off. On Friday there was a much better tide than Saturday, and the weather was everything that could be desired. On that day the vessel could have been floated without the slightest difficulty, but the old superstition of that day being unlucky, had so much weight in certain quarters that the day was allowed to pass without anything being done. Saturday proved unfavorable on account of the wind, and Sunday was the day, at last, on which the monster was introduced to the water.—*New York Observer.*

AN UNENVIABLE DISTINCTION.—It is stated, on what appears to be undoubted authority, that the city of Cincinnati, Ohio, contains more groggeries than any other city in the United States, except New York.

THE Santa Fe Gazette says that the Chief of the Salt Lake and Utah Indians had visited the Capatoe Indians in Mexico, with a view to induce them to join the Mormons—stating that the Mormons could poison the air, so that their enemies would die, and that all the troops of the government would be destroyed. The mission was unsuccessful.

KIT CARSON had concluded a treaty between the Mutache, Utahs, Arapahoes and Prebics. They agree to take side with the United States, in the event of an issue between them and the people of any territory, and to render all the aid they can towards suppressing rebellion.

JUDGE LORING, of Massachusetts has been removed by Gov. Banks, in accordance with the decision of the Legislature.

A HIGH Court Martial has been ordered to assemble at Newport, Kentucky, for the trial of Major General Twiggs, who is accused of making remarks concerning the War Department for its strictures concerning his official course.

☞ Queen Victoria has placed T. B. Macaulay in the British Peerage, having granted him a patent of nobility. His adherence, in the new edition of his History of England, to the charges he formerly made against William Penn, after they had been thoroughly examined and refuted, proves that she has not made him a noble man.—*Friends' Review.*

NEWS ITEMS.

A MAN DROWNED IN THE STREETS.—Last Monday evening, a common drunkard named Thomas Fannin, while deeply intoxicated, fell face downward in a small puddle in South street, New York, and was, soon afterwards, found dead by the police, having actually suffocated in the pool.

FROM KANSAS.—The Leavenworth correspondent of the Leader says the free State vote for delegates to the Constitutional Convention, in that city, amounted to 656, against 1,196 polled for State officers on Jan. 4th.

THE OHIO LEGISLATURE.—The bills to repeal the acts passed by the last Legislature, preventing kidnapping in Ohio, and refusing the use of the State prisons for the confinement of fugitive slaves, has passed the House by 21 majority. The bills had already been passed by the Senate by 22 majority.

RHODE ISLAND DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.—The Democratic Convention nominated Alex. Duncan for Governor, and Elisha R. Potter for Lieutenant Governor. Mr. Duncan is the senior member of the banking firm of Duncan, Sherman & Co.

DUELLING AMNESTY.—The bill passed by the Virginia House of Delegates, granting an amnesty to all persons who have been engaged in duels before the first of March last, was passed by the Senate on Monday week. The bill does not affect in any degree, the future operation of the anti-duelling law, but merely grants an amnesty to those who had come under the disabilities contained in it before the 1st inst.

A WHISKEY INSURRECTION IN OHIO.—Last Saturday week, a large number of women, who had previously armed themselves with axes, hatchets and hammers, made an attack upon the taverns and saloons of Akron, Ohio, breaking jugs and bottles, and emptying casks of all sorts of liquor, ale, &c. Every establishment in the place was thus despoiled, except the American House and a drug store, the proprietors of which saved their bacon by pledging their "words of honor" not to sell liquor to any of the townspeople. One of the town magistrates interposed in vain.

A CHINESE VOW FULFILLED.—The Sacramento (Cal.) Union, of Feb. 12th, says: "A Chinaman visited the fish market at the foot of I street, and paid $2,50 for the privilege of throwing overboard fifty-five fish. In explanation of this singular notion, he stated that on that day a year or two since, he was wrecked with some eighty of his countrymen and thirty white men; that he was the only Chinaman that survived, and that he then made a vow that he would release fifty-five fish on each succeeding anniversary of the day."

A FARMER in Virginia who had been digging a well was called away from home, leaving none but two boys on the premises. During his absence a favorite horse by accident got into the well, which was about twelve feet deep and of sufficient diameter to allow the horse standing room. The boys set their young brains to work to get him out. Their bill of "ways and means" was almost exhausted, when the youngest, only nine years old, suggested an amendment, which was immediately adopted. Large quantities of straw were convenient, which the boys pitched in to fill the well, the prisoner trampling it down until he could walk right out upon *straw bail*.

THE San Francisco Times says a purse of gold was left with the house of Bull, Baker & Co., Shasta, some two or three years since, which has never been called for. It was deposited in the name of Wm. Lush. The owner will probably never call for it, having passed away, as have thousands of others in this land of dark fates, through the agency of accident or disease, of whom there is neither note nor record. There was a Wm. Lush residing in the upper part of Philadelphia a few years since. It may be the same man.

THE BARQUE ADRIATIC.—The barque Adriatic, which escaped from the authorities at Marseilles, arrived at Savannah on the 17th.

A NEW COUNTER BLAST TO TOBACCO.—Two distinguished clergymen—Rev. Drs. Tyng, Episcopalian, and Cox, Presbyterian—have recently taken very strong grounds against the use of tobacco. Dr. Tyng, we understand, pronounces cigars to be the "devil's playthings." Dr. Cox goes still further, and, in old King James's style, declares tobacco to be a "hatefully offensive pytuliun, with concomitant dirt ineffable." It has been well observed that if the devil could be killed by hard words, Dr. Cox would be a dead shot.

THE application of steam to agriculture is becoming more and more an accomplished fact. The Society of Arts have given an evening to "steam-cultivation," and sundry enterprising farmers are making trial of the "Guideway" steam machinery, which includes rails, whereby the trampling of the field during the ploughing is avoided. We think it probable that in the course of another ten years, steam-ploughing will be general on all our large farms—and few are small now.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.*

THE best arrangement for warming and for ventilating may be seen in one or more of the cars on the morning and evening trains on the Little Miami Railroad. The fire is where it should be, *under* the floor of the car, and the warm air rises through registers and passes out at little windows, four or five feet above the floor. In summer, fresh air is abundantly supplied from above the roof, and is passed through a stream of water before entering the passenger-room.

BREATHING THE AURORA BOREALIS.—E. Merriam (the weather man) discourses thus upon the Aurora Borealis: "Last night the Aurora Borealis shone brightly, and to-day its bright light pervades our atmosphere, and is so abundantly diffused in it that it is breathed with all the facility and ease that bright sunshine is inhaled. The Auroral atmosphere is exhilarating, being highly charged with inspiriting electricity."

OPALS are to be had at this moment in Paris at less than half the usual value, if we may credit the English papers. This is said to be owing to the impression which has got abroad, and which has come from Russia, that it is the *pierre de malheur!* carrying misfortune to those who wear it. The Empress is even said to have joined in this wild superstition, and forsworn the wearing of the beautiful parure of this stone she had just formed from the re-setting of several others.

WHERE IS IT?—$250,000 is the price Government paid for the old Pennsylvania Bank building for a Post Office; of which only $190,000 found its way into the bank, leaving a deficit of $60,000! Rumor says some one got $25,000 for effecting the sale. Where is the balance, $35,000? who can tell?

PENNSYLVANIA ELECTIONS.—The Anti-Lecompton tickets have been elected at Tamaqua, Erie, and Reading. Tamaqua and Reading are generally Democratic. The returns show a union of the opposition with the Anti-Lecompton Democrats.

WASHINGTON, March 17.—Recent information from Kansas removes all doubt as to the election of the Free State ticket, and therefore Gen. Calhoun has declared his intention to give certificates accordingly.

NEW YORK REVIVALS.—A novel feature of the religious revivals in New York, is the opening of Burton's old theatre, in Chambers street for a prayer meeting. In the course of the proceedings a young gentleman got up and stated that it gave him great pleasure to say that Mr. Edwin Forrest, America's greatest living actor, had been converted. This announcement was received with many congratulations, coupled with audible expressions that many more of the same profession would be added to the list.

COL. SUMNER, tried by court-martial, at Carlisle, Pa., was acquitted on both charges preferred against him by Gen. Harney. The court deliberated less than fifteen minutes before agreeing. The War Department have disapproved the verdict. Col. Sumner is under orders for Utah, and will leave Fort Leavenworth with his regiment on the 10th of May.

RELIGIO CHRISTI.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Penna.]

My friends were chargeable with a very great oversight from the very commencement of my residence in London. They had furnished me with no introductions. They had acquaintances there; but my first place of business being in a distant quarter of the town, I was never introduced to them. The people with whom I lodged, appeared a dark, unsocially disposed family; and I saw nothing of them oftener than once a week, when one or another would purposely meet me coming in or going out;—the interview was so regular, periodical, and precisely timed, that I could not take it to be accidental or attribute to it any other meaning than that of a hint to *pay*. So by degrees my evenings began to be spent chiefly with Margaret and her companion at the theatres and concert-rooms; or when the weather was fine, in excursions to some of the many beautiful rural retreats which there are around London.

Thus time passed on for many months. I began to drink more and more freely. Presently came the penalty.

I happened to be brought into communication with Mr. John Hunt, proprietor and editor of the London Examiner, and brother of Mr. Leigh Hunt, the poet, and the friend of Lord Byron. This circumstance resulted in a proposal from his son, a fine scholarly young man who had just finished his university education, that I should come into his service in furtherance of the sale of a new periodical he was about to issue. He designed opening an office in one of the main streets of the metropolis, and installing me in the management of the business department. I fancied this would suit me, and wrote to my father for funds. He immediately remitted them. The remittance was a draft on one of the banks in the city. I proceeded thither and drew the money. The day was long, and as I had no further engagements, I strolled hither and thither without any definite object. One glass, another and another; finally, intoxication. Memory may tell me when I reach the land of the soul, where I passed the latter part of that day, and what scenes I took part in through the subsequent night; but in this world it ever was and ever will be a blank page in the volume of my recollections. My first returning consciousness found me sauntering, like the somnambulist, through scenes which made no impression on my senses. How it was, or why it was, I could not tell, but I was alone in a princely street. Far on, at either side of the noble carriage-way, stretched two lines of magnificent houses. The street rose gradually from the end at which I was entering it, till lost in the distance. Not a living thing was there, save myself, either in the broad road or on the footways. The sunbeams were beginning to glow on the high parapets and the smokeless chimneys, but the depth of the avenue lay in shadow. I saw that the upper windows were curtained; concluded that beyond those curtains there must lie human beings, sleeping; and the next instant comprehended that I was entering the lower end of Regent street. The whole folly of my conduct was instantly clear to me. I searched for my pocket-book. It was gone, and with it the whole of my father's remittance of the preceding day; nothing remained to me except a few loose shillings. The situation I had looked forward to was no longer to be thought of; for this was the very day appointed for transacting the initiatory business. As I walked onward in my dismay and remorse, forlorn and crushed, betwixt the multitudes placidly sleeping on either hand within those curtained chambers in their orderly homes, my eyes involuntarily rose heavenward as if to ask if there were at length for me no hope. Far, far away indeed beyond the sualit housetops, yet imbued with incomparably more consummate reality, the infinite blue heaven symbolized back to my soul that there was still hope within its own peaceful bosom—hope, and light, and love. And I felt the message of that symbol as fully as if it had reached my ear in words.

It is out of my power to say what led me to my next step, but it was quickly resolved upon, and as quickly taken. As soon as there was a coffee house open I breakfasted, walked down to the Horse Guards, and enlisted.

Here then I was, suddenly transposed from amidst a life of the most uncontrolled dissipation into the midst of another, replete with the most stringent discipline. Yet unaccountable as it may seem at the first glance, I fell into it without any difficulty whatever. The implicit obedience I had been trained to from the cradle, was the very quality that fitted me for the first stage of soldiership. I had also a natural smartness and decision of movement, and pride of carriage. The last three years moreover had rid me of much of the outward manner with which I left home. I was arrived at the age of manhood, and as most persons will have taken notice, those last three years before manhood perform wonders in changing the outward bearing. In a word, whilst I had at this period the tameless air of one used to be his own sole master, I yet understood by ancient practice how to obey. My education also secured me some deference among my comrades, who generally had a pretty fair smattering of learning themselves.

The Recruit House was of course my first destination. Here drill was the constant occupation. It gave me an excellent appetite, and I imagined that I was making a great step forward in manhood in learning the use of arms, and the course of martial evolutions. Our apartments moreover were on the Park, and both healthful and pleasant. The non commissioned officers were generally agreeable men, and by no means tyrannical. Nevertheless, there were two or three things that I found rather hard. One of these was being compelled to turn out on a cold, raw morning, with only a light undress on, and cut and slash right and left with a pair of heavy clubs for about an hour before breakfast. Another was being locked in every night at nine o'clock. And another, I soon found, in the scantiness of a soldier's pay.

But not many weeks had elapsed before a change of a very agreeable character took place. I received orders one afternoon to go to the Orderly Room of the regiment at the Horse Guards. On being admitted, the Colonel commanding inquired if I would like to come into the Orderly Room as one of the clerks. I said yes; and he told the head clerk to enter me at once as such. My business was that of copying into a record book the letters sent and received by the regiment; and docketing originals received. My duty extended to about six hours a day. Before and after that I could do as I pleased.

During the morning our work generally went on steadily enough; but in the afternoon the Colonel, Adjutant, and other officers were there, and were so repeatedly calling for information from the various records, that we could do but little beyond making the implied references. I had the opportunity of seeing some of the great captains who "had fought in France and Spain." Seldom a day passed without some Duke, or Earl, or Knight, whose name stood connected with achievements of chivalry and hardihood, coming in. They were mostly aged men, or, at all events, of full maturity in years. Probably not one of them is now alive. So vanishes the pomp and pride of arms; so fades the glare of earthly glory. The Iron Duke himself has fallen beneath a hand more iron than his own. How little did he surmise that the clerk who sometimes furnished the answer to his statistical query, or some report of a long past court martial, would write this memento of him in a distant land. Belonging to the Orderly Room were some books on strategy. After office hours I used to stay and read these; and so added to my other knowledge some acquaintance with the scientific part of war.

Thus elapsed some months. Returning one day through the Park from my dinner, I met one of the adjutants. Properly he had nothing to do with me, as I was not one of his men. But he chose to reprimand me, taking for his thesis, that I had not polished my buttons bright enough. When I compared the haughty tone and words he had used with the occasion I had given, I saw that the life of a common soldier would not suit me. As soon as office hours were over, I turned my back to the Horse Guards and walked straight away. A few hours passed. I was several miles distant from where I was required to be at the hour of roll call in the evening. The Rubicon was passed. I was a deserter.

I offer no comments on this proceeding of mine, partly because it is one of those subjects about which I am not solicitous what verdict is given; and partly because my express concern in this work is with matter of far higher and more general importance.

A new day came, and its main business evidently was to look to my own security. An Orderly Room clerk is an individual known to the whole regiment; and the desertion of an Orderly Room clerk an occurrence that was sure not to be in any destitution of reporters. I knew that where I had placed myself there was no probability of my being either designedly sought for on the one part, or identified casually by any straggling comrade on the other. But that was not enough. I could not contemplate remaining in concealment always. I was determined that nothing should make me re-adopt such a station. I knew it was a settled principle at the Horse Guards to accord no discharge to a deserter. And I knew from the substance of scores of court martial reports, which I had perused in the office, that there was no place "within the four seas" where a deserter from the British army was safe. In this perplexity, and almost penniless, there was plainly no other course than to communicate with my father. I wrote to him by the first post. By the next I received a sum sufficient to bear my expenses, with instructions to change my military for a civic dress, and be at a village inn which he named, a few miles from his house, as speedily as possible. That same night, within an hour after the tattoo had called the bulk of the military to their barracks, I was moving with fearless step in a disguise which I thought (though a short time afterwards I met with weighty reasons for altering that opinion) capable of baffling all but the most suspicious scrutiny. I had nearly fifty miles to travel; but as I did not want to arrive before the next evening, and consequently, at any rate, had to pass the night and day on the road, I walked leisurely. What a change it was to be at liberty again. This country town was reached, this village was passed, and the next, and the next, before I began to feel at all the lapse of time. Not a breath of wind ruffled the dark and solemn woods; the night sky seemed actually to palpitate with the twinkling of the myriads of stars; the moors and the hedges burdened the air with the odor of their flowers; every now and then I passed groups of the sweet, homely cottages which garnish the rural highways; every now and then I reached some favorite haunt of the rich-throated nightingale, and stopped and wondered at the mellow, pensive music of her note; even the cold, dark, treacherous river, wherever my path lay along it, seemed to roll with a louder, cheerlier ripple than I had ever heard it yield before, as if welcoming my homeward-bound feet. Daybreak, sunrise, noon, the decline of the day, and shady eve. The rendezvous was reached—a little cottage inn, perfectly garlanded with roses to the very eaves, at the foot of a round hill, crowned with the still unshaken walls, cloisters, and church of an old abbey, but black with the stains of time and weather, as if scathed by fire. My father was there waiting for me. All was forgotten in the exigency of the hour. He no longer frowned on me as self-willed, and I had forgotten that he had been peremptory.

I returned with him, after we had taken some refreshment, across the fields connected with all my boyish recollections. Here was the solitary one-tree hill; there was our meeting copse; here the tree where I first felt my flesh crawl in mortal antipathy of the snake; there was our old cricket ground; and the locks and the clattering mill, and the long bridge; there the church, and the chimes ringing their well-known midnight peal; and last of all, the broad, double gates of the homestead.

I remained a few days, occupying a back room, and not allowing it to be generally known that I was there. A few only of my old acquaintances visited me. The brothers of E. A——— came, but she did not. Indeed, I could not wish it. I felt that she was too good for me. I made no inquiries about her.—Strange that all this time she should be breaking her heart about me, and I dashing on rainward by stress of a corresponding motive; and yet neither of us knew the true state of the case till long years afterwards, as in process of this sad history will have to be told.

After a few days, considering it not safe to remain at home any length of time, I took horse and started on a tour through the midland counties. Meantime, in our inter-communication, it was concluded that it would be best for me to go abroad for some years. The War Office had been applied to for my discharge on payment of the regulation price; but the answer of the Iron Duke, who was then commander-in-chief, was what personally I was well aware it would be: *No discharge for a deserter till he gives himself up. Then we will see what we will do.* But, fortunately, on this occasion the Iron Duke and his minions had not to deal with some poor penniless family, but one which held alternatives in its hands. As, therefore, he did not choose to accept the ample sum proffered him, save on his own terms, he was accommodated with the other course of going without it altogether. There happened at times amusingly pleasant ways for the most honorable and Christian men, such as my father was, to transact business with iron-handed despotism.

It was settled between my father and myself that during my inland tour, arrangements should be made for my leaving England for a time. When I had been away about a month, a letter reached me, saying that Sydney, the capital of Australia, had been concluded to be the most advisable spot for me to proceed to; and that, if I approved of it, my passage would be secured in a vessel about to sail from Gravesend in a few days. Well satisfied with the arrangement, I once more turned homeward. My trip had yielded me much pleasure and a good deal of actual information. The information I will not offer to the reader here; I had as yet only seen this part of England, and its most remarkable population, with the eyes of the well-fed, well-clad, well-lodged traveller; but I had yet to study the same scenes some quarter of a century afterwards, in the most diverse circumstances.

I lingered but a couple of days beneath the old roof-tree, and then, in company with a younger brother, as my Fidus Achates through any unforeseen but not impossible mishaps in passing through London and its vicinity, where the soldiers of my regiment were to be met with at every turn, I started for Gravesend, where the vessel lay. We set out at the earliest hour of morning, rode hard, and by sunrise were ten miles beyond the metropolis, breakfasting at Gravesend, nearly thirty miles from the regiment. A couple of days sufficed to lay in my sea stock, and as the ship was by that time within a few hours of sailing, or rather supposed to be so, my brother mounted for home. We thought we were parting for a few months; it turned out to be for long years.—When I saw him next, he had a son half as old as he was himself when we parted.

When he was gone, and I stood all alone leaning over the bulwarks of the ship to which I had linked my destiny for some months to come, I began to feel what a severance of the ties of nature was taking place. In the course of the morning I learned from the mate that the ship could not sail till the next day. How was I to pass the intermediate time? The thought struck me that I should like to see that poor fast-fading girl, whose parent had so cruelly abandoned her, once more. Only a few weeks before, when I wanted shelter from the military, and was absolutely penniless, she had found me the means I needed; had not even waited to be asked to do so; had not even needed to have the necessity and its cause explained to her, but had comprehended all by the instincts of her heart before the brain had any other intimation. I had never seen her since. Ought I not, even for very honor of manhood, to return her what she had supplied? Should she say to me, "My life betwixt them and you!" and I skulk away without saying I was going—in debt to her?

Let me beg the reader to remember that these pages are written for the purpose of impressing upon as many as may peruse them the progressive tendency of evil; how a wrong moral state of things, not abjured, perpetually involves temptations to others; and so leads the soul on, step by step, till its whole domain and province of action is an evil one, its whole occupation the building up and consolidating a structure of wrong; until it becomes, in the end, the guardian and sworn champion of error. Let it be understood, therefore, that in relating my thoughts and their consequence, I am not excusing them. On the contrary, the more heartily I can secure the reader's apprehension of their folly and faultiness, the better will my purpose be attained.

I concluded then to make one more trip to London whilst the ship was delayed. But to avoid risk as much as possible, I took a four-oared boat and went up the river. In the full rig of a mariner, which I had adopted as most convenient for the voyage, I thought I might walk through London streets with perfect security. My impression even went so far as that I might go anywhere without insecurity, except to the very Orderly Room or through the Square of the Horse Guards itself. My boat, with four strong watermen pulling, was in London by noon; and telling them to be on hand at the wharf where we made fast, at two o'clock in the morning, I strode off right fearlessly through the city to the country suburb where Margaret, in conjunction with the companion I had first seen her with, rented a little cottage and garden. She was at home. No sooner had she opened the door than she sprang back, clapping her hands and laughing. Vexed at being so easily discovered, I said,

"How foolish you are!"

"For what am I foolish?" she inquired.

"For laughing at my disguise," I replied; "I cannot help it."

"Disguise!—cannot help it!" she retorted. "Why, I never saw you look so plainly and evidently yourself in any dress you ever wore."

Yet, in defiance of this caution, this warning so obvious, did I propose to her, as evening drew on, to return with me to London and spend the last few hours at the theatre. She reflected a little and demurred. I saw she was considering my risk, and only deterred by that; and I became more persistent. And now observe, young reader, how, inch by inch, we glide on downward evermore with a gathering impetus when once we start from the high hill top of moral rectitude and of truthfulness to God and man; how, without so much as an effort, we make our rapidly descending way. I found I could not prevail by the truth, so I had recourse to a lie. I told her I should feel myself subjected to a most galling measure of contempt if I were not allowed to refund what I had borrowed, when she could but ill spare it; and that I had not come prepared to do so, depending on her accompanying me to town, where alone I could get change, as the note was large. Yet I had plenty of change all the time. What exertions had I to make, what time had I to expend in later years to eradicate this habit of insincerity! Margaret consented to go.

It is an evening in the genial month of June, and about six o'clock. We dismiss our vehicle at the western extremity of Holborn. A tavern door is opposite. A wistful glance of those eyes, of which it is becoming hard to say whether they are now most dovelike or most deathlike, betrays the poison thirst.

"What will you take, Margaret?"

"Brandy!"

"Come then."

We direct our course towards Covent Garden Theatre, although it lies but some few minutes walk from the Horse Guards. We thread our way through street after street, I on purpose lingering slowly along, but not on my own account; and frequently stopping to look into the shops, though there is nothing I care to see. By-and-by, as the spell, whose formula runs "A short life, and a merry one," does its work on my fellow-traveller, we go quicklier, and at length emerge in sight of the theatre.

"One glass more, before we go in, Margaret?"

"I don't care."

We cross to the main entrance, ascend the steps, enter the vestibule. We are crossing toward the pit door—when suddenly I observe, what all along I knew, but had forgotten, that there is a Sentry of the Guards on duty there. His post is half way between the main door and the pit door, a few feet on the right side. He stands with arms grounded, still as a statue, looking in a most peculiar way full at me. My natural vigilance of mind suggests—"If that Sentry knows you, and you once pass into the pit, he has you caught. By the time you come out he'll have a corporal's guard stationed at the pit door, and as by that time he will be off duty, himself for one of them. And at midnight you will be in the Black Hole instead of on the way to commence your passage to Australia." I see instantly that something must be done. He still looks fixedly at me in the same peculiar way. Instantly I resolve to ascertain whether he does identify me before I entrap myself by entering the pit. Withdrawing my arm from Margaret, who also now begins to see the danger, and is trembling too much to be able to face the crisis without making matters worse, I saunter carelessly across to the soldier and inquire, in a tone as different from my customary one as I can assume, whether the performance is begun. The soldier smiles. The instant afterwards he says—"You are my prisoner," and I recognize one of those very recruits that were in the Recruit house with me; who has stood side by side with me at drill; with whom at one time and another I must have conversed for hours.

"You mistake your man"—(another lie!)

"Ah! No I don't," he says, laughing quickly again. "You must march with me to the Sergeant of the Guard."

He has arms in his hands, so that there is no chance in deviating. The door is some distance off, and a score of people between us and it.

"Very good, sentry!" I say, "but you will repent such an insult as this to me."

A further lie.

He shoulders his arms, and I march on at his side. We pass out of the entrance, and as we do so change sides. We begin to descend the flight of stone steps that runs parallel with the front wall of the building, and he is on the inside, I on the outer, next the street. We are at the third step from the bottom, and I see the Sergeant of the Guard and several privates actually standing lounging at the theatre corner. It is the nick of time; the last moment. One bold spring down into the street, and a headlong dash across the road for the entrance of a court opposite; the sentry all the while shouting, "*Come back! come back!*" but, as if astonishment had rooted him to the earth, never moving an inch to follow! I reach the entrance of the court, and turning round to see how matters stand, I strike my foot against a post at the mouth of the passage, and tumble headlong. In an instant, I am on my feet again. Now for it! *Away!*——In ten steps a dark avenue runs into the court at right angles. I turn and dash through that; cross a street and bound through another court; halfway along that, turn short along another; emerge into a broad back street, formed only by the sides and ends of buildings; now unimpeded by meeting any one, I traverse this like a deer; and at the end coming to a whole net of lanes and alleys, taking advantage of every angle, but always keeping one main direction, I gain one of the largest and most crowded thoroughfares at the very spot where there is a stand of hackney coaches. Entering very composedly into one of them, I tell the driver I want to be at London Bridge as quickly as possible. Payment—the ordinary one, or double, or triple, according to the speed. The result need scarcely be told. In two minutes I was secure, and even though the whole regiment had joined the chase, utterly lost to my pursuers amidst the chaos of that confused multitude, hurrying and meeting and crossing each other in every direction.

It was but a little past seven when the coachman drew rein, his horses lathered and foaming, at London Bridge. I paid him beyond my promise. I waited till he was out of sight on his return, and then betook myself to a coffee house, where there was no probability of meeting any of the military. Enclosing the trifle I could spare to the unhappy outcast, I posted it myself. She had, no doubt, followed to the theatre door, and seen enough of the turn things took, to relieve her mind of anxiety till she received the communication. The soldiers, bewildered by the suddenness of the thing, and in ignorance of its meaning till slowly made aware of it by their stupefied comrade, could not have started in pursuit till it was far too late; and after they had started she would naturally linger at the spot till the pursuers returned, either bringing me or unsuccessful.

My boatmen were on hand at the appointed time. By day dawn we were at Gravesend. We looked for the *Blue peter*. Had they run it down? Something more: the ship itself was gone: had been gone since the previous evening. No resource remained but to try to overtake it by hard rowing. That evening just as it was getting too dark to leave us any further hope, and by hailing incoming ships for information, we got sight of her well away in the open waters of the Downs. Before we could reach her, however, we had nearly wrecked ourselves by crossing a reef or other shallow. It was only by a hair's breadth, so to speak, that the boat was kept from swamping in the breakers; and we were some two or three miles off shore. The line of broken water was narrow, and we were soon across it, otherwise, in all probability, not one of us would ever again have been seen or heard of; out of sight and sound as we were of ship or shore, the night gloom thickening fast, the wind swelling into a gale, and the sea almost too rough for our boat in deep water. At last, about 10 o'clock at night, I found myself in my cabin. The day's chase had cost me about forty dollars. But it was a preferable loss to that of all I had on board, and my passage money, which was already paid. On the morrow evening we were fast running by the chalky cliffs of the sea-girt isle.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A DIRGE.

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"
Here the evil and the just,
Here the youthful and the old,
Here the fearful and the bold,
Here the matron and the maid,
In one silent bed are laid;
Here the vassal and the king
Side by side lie withering;
Here the sword and sceptre rest,—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Age on age shall roll along
O'er this pale and mighty throng;
Those that weep them, those that weep,
All shall with these sleepers sleep.
Brothers, sisters, of the worm—
Summer's sun, or Winter's storm,
Song of peace or battle's roar,
Ne'er shall break their slumbers more;
Death shall keep his sullen trust,—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

But a day is coming fast,
Earth, thy mightiest and thy last;
It shall come in fear and wonder,
Heralded by trump and thunder;
It shall come in strife and toil,
It shall come in blood and spoil,
It shall come in empires' groans,
Burning temples, trampled thrones;
Then, Ambition, rue thy lust!—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Then shall come the Judgment sign,
In the east the King shall shine;
Flashing from Heaven's golden gate,
Thousands, thousands round his state,
Spirits with the crown and plume:
Tremble then, thou sullen tomb!
Heaven shall open to our sight,
Earth be turned to living light,
Kingdoms of the ransomed just,—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Then thy mount, Jerusalem,
Shall be gorgeous as a gem;
Then shall in the desert rise
Fruits of more than Paradise;
Earth by angel feet be trod,
One great garden of her God!
Till are dried the martyr's tears
Through a thousand glorious years.
Now in hope of him we trust,—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

REV. GEORGE CROLY.

THE UNCONSCIOUS THE ONLY COMPLETE.—People represent virtue as a struggle, and take to themselves great airs upon their attainments, and the question is everywhere vexed, when a noble nature is commended, whether the man is not better who strives with temptation. But there is no merit in the matter. Either God is there, or he is not there. We love characters in proportion as they are impulsive and spontaneous. The less a man thinks or knows about his virtues, the better we like him. Timoleon's victories are the best victories, which ran and flowed like Homer's verses, Plutarch said. When we see a soul whose acts are all regal, graceful, and pleasant as roses, we must thank God that such things can be and are, and not turn sourly on the angel, and say: "Crump is a better man, with his grunting resistance to all his native devils."—*Emerson.*

NEVER FORGOTTEN.—A rich landlord of England, once cruelly oppressed a poor widow. Her son, a little boy of eight years, saw it. He afterwards became a painter, and painted a life-likeness of the scene. Years afterwards he placed it where the man saw it. He turned pale, trembled in every joint, and offered any sum to purchase it, that he might put it out of sight. Thus there is an invisible painter drawing on the canvas of the soul a life-likeness, reflecting correctly all the passions and actions of our spiritual history on earth.

LARGE HONEY COMBS IN INDIA.—Our road (in the Neilgherry hills,) took us through a beautiful dell, where we noticed on a single tree some seven or eight honey combs hanging from its boughs in semi-circular masses, each not less than three feet in diameter. The wild bees, though robbed by the hill-tribes and bears, (for Master Brain is a lover of honey in India as well as America,) find a profusion of flowers spread for them, from which to repair their losses.—*Life in India, by Rev. J. W. Dulles.*

☞ A practical joke was once attempted to be played on Mr. Erskine, as he went one day to Westminster Hall, with his ample bag crammed full of briefs. Some waggish barrister hired a Jew's boy to go and ask him if he had "any old clo' to sell?" "No, you little imp," exclaimed the indignant counsellor, "they are all *new suits.*"

THE ROMANCE OF CRITICISM.—Mr. Crawford's equestrian statue of Washington has just received a meed of praise, which is praise indeed, from a critic who ought to be the best judge of heroes on horseback that ever existed. Mr. G. P. R. James, Consul of Great Britain at Norfolk, was appealed to by the editor of the Richmond Enquirer, for his "candid opinion" of Mr. Crawford's work, and, with the frank enthusiasm of genius, immediately responded to that appeal with a full presentation of the general impression produced upon his mind in a column of closely-printed matter. Mr. James's criticisms upon the statue are thoroughly characteristic, so characteristic indeed that one is a little startled when, instead of assuring us that the "man of fine and dignified deportment and of form, powerful, yet graceful, riding a splendid charger in full action," *might have been seen ascending the Capitol Hill*, he positively assures us, in the plainest prose, that this imposing vision was seen, and by himself. The country which takes a kindly interest in Washington, and is "open to conviction" on the subject of Crawford, cannot but be grateful for the approbation bestowed upon both by a gentleman like Mr. James, who has passed his whole life in the familiar society of a cavalcade of the most stately and magnificent personages, and in riding thoughtfully up the most picturesque acclivities of all the kingdoms of romance.—*New York Times.*

WONDERS OF ASTRONOMY.—The Revelation of Astronomical Science show that the sun is 3,800 times as far again from the earth as the earth is round. This distance is so great, that it would take a railway-carriage, moving at the rate of 100 miles every three hours; 330 years to get through it; but the earth itself, travelling with a speed of better than 68,000 miles per hour, gets through a journey of a like extent—that is, ninety-five millions of miles—in something like two months. The nearest star is at least two hundred thousand times further away than the sun. The light beam comes from the sun to the earth in eight minutes and a quarter, but it must consume three years and a quarter upon its journey before it can arrive from the nearest star. But the nearest star is only on the inner confines of the vast star-galaxy; the space that it takes the flash of light three years and a quarter to traverse, is nevertheless but a little space, almost swallowed up in the immensity by which it is surrounded, for it is computed that the most remote stars of the milky-way are seven hundred and fifty times as far away again as the nearest one.

THE POETRY OF THE ALPS.—Alpine tourists know that the ordinary road from Chamouni to the Convent is by the dull bourg of Martigny, in the Canton de Vallais. It is a wretched place, by all means to be avoided if possible.—Rank vegetation, putrid swamps, and a stagnant, stifling air combine to make it a hotbed of goitre and idiocy in their worst phases.—Hideous, wen-laden heads on stunted, misshapen bodies mop and mow and gibber at you from filthy doorways; a hopeless lethargy pervades alike the neglected town, the gasping trade, and the spiritless people; there is not one single thing to observe in the day; and at night, when the inundation of the Rhone is subsiding, the mosquitoes—"cousins," as they are termed by the country people—come in such swarms and clouds and flights, and bite with such inflammatory viciousness, that Venice or Naples or Cairo would be a place of refuge by comparison.

BARON MUNCHAUSEN.—Miss Brewster, (daughter of Sir David) in her "Letters from Cannes and Nice," says: "Baron Munchausen is at Nice! My father met him at a pic nic the other day, and heard from him the history of his celebrated namesake. One of his ancestors had a chaplain who was famous for 'drawing a long bow'—told, in fact, the most fa'se and extravagant stories. His patron, the Baron of those days, wrote a book out-Heroding Herod, being a collection of still more marvellous adventures, for the purpose of shaming the priest; for which laudable design he was punished, by having his own name held up to posterity as *the* story-teller *par excellence.*" This shows that it is very dangerous to lie, even in jest.—The Munchausens are a Hanoverian family.—*Boston Traveller.*

A PROPHECY BY THE LATE LADY LOVELACE.—The late Countess of Lovelace, the daughter of Lord Byron, although distinguished by success in deeper studies, was not destitute of those inspirations which made the name of Byron illustrious. In some verses which she made on Florence Nightingale, several years before the Russian war was dreamt of, occurs the following remarkable presage:

In future years, in distant climes,
Should war's dread strife its victims claim,
Should pestilence, unchecked betimes,
Strike more than sword, than cannon maim,
He who then reads these truthful rhymes
Will trace her progress to undying fame.

ANCIENT SEAMANSHIP.—One of the doctor's (Wolcot) stories is not less good because it is true and has been before told. The Vicar of Menacoan, near the Lizard Point, related it to him. The reverend divine was reading the passage—"Then fearing lest we should have fallen upon the rocks, they cast four anchors out of the stern." A fisherman cried out to the astonishment of the congregation, "All wrong—all wrong—put about—put about! lubberly fellows, d— me if I would not have saved ship and cargo." "The justices fined the poor fellow five shillings for swearing, the very next day, only," said Wolcot, "for a little honest *esprit de corps.* There was no question about the bad seamanship."

VITAL RELIGION.—It is a great deal easier to repeat "a whole liturgy of prayers" than to govern one's temper, overcome a bad habit, and resist the constantly-recurring temptations to self-indulgence. It is a great deal easier and pleasanter to *feel* good than to *be* good. It is easier to get up an incoherent fervor of mind than calmly and steadily to pursue the even way of our ordinary duties. To go to church and be excited by solemn music, and to lose oneself in vague emotions—how much more agreeable is this than to stay at home, and, amidst the hurry and discord of daily returning trials, to maintain a quiet and cheerful mind.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

RETROSPECTION.

BY ALBERT SUTLIFFE.

But half the sky is filled with stars,
And half the sky with mist;
No moon to light the waste of snows;
But toward the west Orion glows,
And underneath, the east wind blows
The clouds where it doth list.

The mist creeps swiftly on and on,
The stars fade one by one;
Do hopes die thus? it cannot be;
There goes Orion's sword belt! see!
And now no light is left to me
But Memory alone.

And can we dream when stars are dead?
I ween it may be so;
We search the old time through and through;
We think of what we used to do;
We light our altar-fires anew,
With half the olden glow.

Bring out the pictures of the Past,
That we may look them o'er;
Here passed my childhood, here between
These high-browed mountains; here the green
Sloped riverward; a pleasant scene,
Star-lighted now once more.

There, crept my childhood on to youth;
Here, was a space for tears;
Then, 'twas *one* tear that hid the sun,
But now it is—ah! many a one,
With floating mists or shadows dun
Between me and the spheres.

We dreamed the day out till the stars,
The stars out till the day;
We said, "Let come the darker time;
The hours shall pass like pleasant rhyme;"
We thought the nights all morning prime,
The stars would shine alway.

We tire of looking o'er the Past;
Our altar-fires grow dim;
We see the snow-clouds gathering cold;
The deadlier mists around us fold;
Ah! but our hearts are over-bold;
How dense the shadows swim.

We look above and look around,
The shadows touch our eyes;
We hear through hollow distance still
The moaning wind across the hill,
The fierce gust seeking, seeking still,
And winning no replies.

The stars are out and memory fades;
Alas! what may be done!
We fold our robes to keep aglow
The heart-fires, flickering, burning low,
Chilled by the snow-cloud and the snow,
And longing for the sun.

Behind us, like a place of tombs,
The Past lies sad and lone;
Before us, dreamed-of, hoped-for, guessed,
And sloping downward unto rest,
Glooms the broad Future, all unblest,
Visioned, but all unknown.

Stand up, my soul, with Hope beside,
And search the sky for stars!
It may be that the storm will cease,
And from the glorious starlit east,
Some angel voice will whisper peace
Down through thy prison bars.

Look out, my soul, with courage high,
Although thou be'st but one!
What if the Norland, blowing bleak,
Freeze all the tears upon thy cheek!
Look upward, if thou canst not speak,
And think, "Thy will be done!"

PUNCH'S POLICE REPORT.

IMPORTANT PROCEEDINGS UNDER THE COMMON LODGING HOUSE ACT.

[The *London Punch* thus hits off the recent complaint against England of Louis Napoleon:—]

Mr. John Bull, keeper of a Common Lodging House, much frequented by foreigners, was charged with various offences under the Common Lodging House Act, and generally with keeping a disorderly house, and harboring notoriously bad characters.

The principal witness against him was a Frenchman, formerly a lodger in the house, who gave his name Charles Louis Napoleon. The witness stated that Mr. Bull, the landlord of the House, systematically violated the provisions of the Act, which required him to open the windows of his rooms for a certain number of hours daily, to turn down the bed-clothes, and generally to keep up a close surveillance over the inmates of his house, and ventilate everything in the apartments occupied by his lodgers. He further stated, that whereas the Act bound the landlord to give notice to the Police of all dangerous cases of contagious or epidemic disorder, and of all attacks arising from such disorders, that might occur on the premises, with a view at once to the removal to safe custody of those in whom they might break out, and the preservation of those they might attack, Mr. Bull had been in the habit of allowing such cases to get to a height without informing the Police, and of permitting his lodgers to associate indiscriminately with persons suffering from the most dangerous and contagious disorders, particularly what was called in France "*La Fièvre Rouge*."

The Magistrate wished to know if this was the same as scarlet fever, and begged the witness to be a little more precise in his statements, and to express himself in English, as he seemed to know the language well.

The witness said he did, having long resided in England, in Mr. Bull's house. He had been a special constable here in 1848, shortly after which he left England, seeing an opening for an active young man in France, where he had since held various responsible situations, and was now earning very high wages. *La Fièvre Rouge* was an epidemic which had made great ravages in France, and was much worse than the worst kind of scarlet fever known in England. It was a highly inflammatory disease of the most contagious character, and attended with delirium.

The Magistrate inquired what part of the body it attacked?

The witness said it generally attacked the upper extremities, beginning at the crown.

The Magistrate inquired if the witness was a medical practitioner?

The witness said he had practised in France for the last nine years, five of them on his own account, and had particularly devoted himself to the treatment of this very disorder. He believed his treatment was considered highly successful. It consisted in letting blood freely, followed by lowering and suppressive treatment, and the strictest separation and close confinement of the sufferers. Change of air, too, he had found useful, particularly removal to hot climates like Algeria. He considered Cayenne almost a specific, and had administered it in large doses, especially during the very severe outbreak of the disorder in 1852. All movement was dangerous, and all mental exertion. He considered the worst cases were those which had originated among Mr. Bull's lodgers, who often brought the disease into France. Considered Mr. Bull guilty under the Act, for not bringing these cases to the knowledge of the Police.

The witness was closely cross-examined by the defendant.

Admitted he had several times been a lodger in the defendant's house; declined to state what his means of subsistence were while in this country. Might have been charged with attempts at burglary at Boulogne and Strasbourg. Would not say he had not been tried for a murder arising out of the former charge. Would not swear he had not been imprisoned on that charge. Might have expressed strong opinions to Mr. Bull on the subject of this Act during the time he lodged with him. Would not say he had not told him the Police had no business on his premises. The windows of his room were generally kept shut. Never complained then. Was not in good circumstances at that time. Might have borrowed money of Mr. Bull. Would not swear he had not left in his debt. Might have had *La Fièvre Rouge* himself; had associated freely with persons suffering from it. Might have told Mr. Bull it was not dangerous, knew better now. Did not see what that had to do with the present charge. Declined to state whether he had made any communication to the Police. Had friends in the Police now, and considered it an honor. Thought Mr. Bull's house ought to be shut up, and his license as a Common Lodging House Keeper taken away for the safety of society at large. Was very much interested for society at large. Considered he had saved society at large. Was not aware if that opinion was general, but a day seldom passed without his being told so by persons in the highest positions in France.

Mr. Bull called several witnesses to speak of the character of his house, including an old Austrian of the name of Metternich, (whose cautious and roundabout way of giving his evidence, much amused the Court,) several members of a family of the name of Bourbon, whose father had lodged with Mr. Bull under the name of Smith, and a host of Hungarians, Italians, Poles, and Frenchmen, who proved that Mr. Bull complied strictly with the terms of the Act, and that they had no complaint to make of the house. Several members of the Police Force also gave evidence. It appeared on cross-examination that the informer had for several years past been in the habit of making complaint against Mr. Bull's house, and had endeavored to induce the Police to enter the premises in disguise. He had had the Act explained to him, and had always been told that any charge of violation of any of its provisions, would be strictly looked into. There might be a grudge on the informer's part against Mr. Bull.

The Magistrate, after careful consideration of the Act, said it did not appear to him that the charges were made out. There was no proof that the defendant knew of the existence of the alleged cases of the very serious disorder deposed to by the principal witness. Mr. Bull was not bound to inform the Police of suspected cases. He had no power to detain his lodgers, or to prevent their leaving his house. All powers of an inquisitorial character required to be exercised cautiously in this country. He thought it ill became the witness who, by his own account, seemed to be under considerable obligations to Mr. Bull, to bring such a charge as the present on such loose and unreliable foundation. Mr. Bull would leave this Court without any stain on his character. The Magistrate saw no grounds whatever for taking away the license of the house. On the contrary, it seemed to him to be very well conducted, and it was a great blessing to many distressed foreigners that they had such a place to resort to.

The decision of the worthy Magistrate was loudly cheered, and Mr. Bull, on leaving the Court, was warmly greeted by his numerous lodgers. The witness, Napoleon, was allowed to leave the Court by the private entrance in a cab, as there seemed to be a considerable disposition among the crowd assembled in the neighborhood to handle him roughly.

SPEAKING WELL OF OTHERS.—If the disposition to speak well of others were universally prevalent, the world would become a comparative paradise. The opposite disposition is the Pandora box, which, when opened, fills every house and every neighborhood with pain and sorrow. How many enmities and heart-burnings flow from this source! How much happiness is interrupted and destroyed! Envy, jealousy, and the malignant spirit of evil, when they find vent by the lips, go forth on their mission like foul fiends to blast the reputation and peace of others. Every one has his imperfections, and in the conduct of the best there will be occasional faults, which might seem to justify animadversion. It is a good rule, however, when there is occasion for fault-finding, to do it privately to the erring one. This may prove salutary. It is a proof of interest in the individual, which will generally be taken kindly, if the manner of doing it is not offensive. The common and unchristian rule, on the contrary, is to proclaim the failing of others to all but themselves. This is unchristian, and shows a despicable heart.

☞ "Malice," says Seneca, "drinks one half of its own poison." And Des Cartes, in his treatises on passions, says:—'Hatred is never without sorrow." What must have been the wretchedness of John Lilliburne, of whom Cromwell quaintly remarked:—"He is so quarrelsome that, if he could find no one else to quarrel with, John would quarrel with Lilliburne, and Lilliburne would quarrel with John."

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Sir Walter Raleigh, a distinguished warrior, statesman, and writer, in the reign of Elizabeth and James I., was the second son of a gentleman of ancient family in Devonshire. He was born 1552, in that country, and was sent to Ariel College, Oxford, where his proficiency gave a high opinion of his capacity. His active disposition and martial ardor led him, at the age of seventeen, to join a body of gentlemen volunteers, raised to assist the French Protestants. He subsequently accompanied the forces sent under General Morris to assist the Dutch, and afterward accompanied his half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, in a voyage to Newfoundland—on his return, he distinguished himself in the Irish rebellion, and was rewarded for his services by a considerable estate in Ireland. His favor at court was advanced by a well-known act of gallantry—the queen, in a walk among a crowd of courtiers, having come to a spot in which the path was obstructed by mire, Raleigh immediately took off his rich plush cloak, and spread it on the ground, for a foot-cloth. In 1584, his active disposition was manifested in a scheme for the discovery and settlement of those parts of North America not already appropriated by Christian States: by his interest he obtained a very extensive patent for this purpose, and with the help of friends, two ships were fitted out. These vessels having carried home cargoes that sold well, a second expedition of seven vessels followed, under the command of Sir Richard Grenville, Raleigh's kinsman. The latter enterprise terminated in the settlement of Virginia, so called in honor of Queen Elizabeth, and is said to have first introduced tobacco and potatoes to Europe. In the meantime, he was honored with knighthood and rewarded by several lucrative grants, including a large share of the forfeited Irish estates. He was one of the council to whom the consideration of the best means of opposing the Spanish armada was intrusted, and was among the number of volunteers who joined the English fleet with ships of their own. In 1589, he accompanied the expelled King of Portugal in his attempt to reinstate himself, for which service he received several additional marks of favor and emolument; for, although fond of glory, he was almost equally so of gain. On his return from Portugal, he visited Ireland, and contracted an intimacy with Spenser, who celebrated Sir Walter under the title of "The Shepherd of the Ocean," and to his Faerie Queen prefixed a letter to him explanatory of its plan and design. The latter in return introduced the poet to Elizabeth. In 1592, he commanded an expedition with the view of attacking Panama, but was recalled by the queen, and soon after incurred her displeasure by an amour with one of her maids of honor, the daughter of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton.

Although he made the best reparation in his power by marrying that lady, he was imprisoned some months and banished the queen's presence. To recover favor, he planned an expedition to Guiana, in which he embarked in February, 1595, and reached Orinoco, but was obliged by sickness and contrary winds to return after having done little more than take a formal possession of the country in the name of Elizabeth. In 1596, he had so far regained favor, that he had a naval command under the Earl of Essex, with whom a difference occurred, that laid the foundation of a lasting enmity between them. Sir Walter was subsequently fully restored to the good graces of Elizabeth, who nominated him to the government of Jersey. He witnessed the ruin of his antagonist, the Earl of Essex, whose execution he urged, and personally viewed from a window in the armory.

The speedy death of the queen, which this very catastrophe hastened, put a period to his prosperity. James I., whom, with some other courtiers, he sought to limit in his power of his introducing the Scots into England, resented that attempt, and disliked him as the enemy of his friend, the Earl of Essex. Although received with external civility at court, he was deprived of his post of captain of the guard, and evidently discountenanced. This treatment preyed upon his high spirit, and a conspiracy having been formed for the purpose of placing upon the throne the Lady Arabella Stuart, Sir Walter was accused of participating in it by Lord Cobham, to whose idle proposals he had given ear without approving them.

By the base subservience of the jury, he was brought in guilty of high treason, even to the surprise of Attorney-General Coke himself, who declared he had only charged him with misprision of treason. Raleigh was reprieved and committed to the Tower, where his wife, at her earnest solicitation, was allowed to reside with him, and where his youngest son was born. Though his estates in general were preserved to him, the rapacity of the king's minion, the infamous Car, seized on his Manor of Sherborne, upon a flaw found in his prior conveyance of it to his son. It was not until after twelve years' confinement that he obtained his liberation, during which interval he composed the greater part of his works, and especially his History of the World.

He was only released at last by the advance of a large sum of money to the new favorite, Villiers, and to retrieve his fortunes, he planned another expedition to America. He obtained a patent under the great seal for making a settlement in Guiana, but in order to retain a power over him, the king did not grant him a pardon for the sentence passed upon him for his alleged treason.

How far Raleigh knowingly deceived the court by his representations of rich discoveries and gold mines, it is impossible now to ascertain: but, having reached the Orinoco, he dispatched a portion of his force to attack the new Spanish settlement of St. Thomas, which was captured with the loss of his eldest son. The expected plunder, however, proved of little value, and Sir Walter, after having in vain attempted to induce his captains to attack other Spanish settlements, arrived at Plymouth in July, 1618.

In the meantime, the Spanish Ambassador had produced such an effect upon James, who, seeking the hand of the Infanta for his son Charles, that Raleigh was arrested and committed to the Tower.

James had reason to be offended with the conduct of Raleigh against a power in amity with himself, and might have tried him for this new offence—but with his usual meanness and pusillanimity, determined to execute him on his former sentence. Being brought before the court of the King's Bench, his plea of an implied pardon by his subsequent command was overruled, and the doom of death being pronounced against him, it was carried into execution the following day, (October 29, 1618,) in Old-Palace yard.

His behavior at the scaffold was calm, and after addressing the people at some length in his own justification, he received the stroke of death with perfect composure.

Thus fell Sir Walter Raleigh, in the sixty-sixth year of his age, by one of the most odious acts of the disgraceful reign of James I.

MOZART'S REQUIEM AGAIN.—There are private individuals who seem fated to fall in with adventures; there are works of art, the history and mystery of which never come to an end. Who would have conceived it possible that a new romance concerning Mozart's "Requiem" should turn up? Yet Herr Jahn's new "Life of Mozart" (which may be noticed when it is completed) contains something of the kind; a detail of a frightful "passage" of the composer's last years, during which, it was already known, his infidelities to his "*Stanerl*" were many and reckless. The heroine was a young, beautiful married woman, whose jealous husband committed suicide, after having marred his wife's beauty forever in presence of the composer. To the horror of this scene is ascribed the dejection which notoriously darkened the closing months of Mozart's life, and "The Requiem" is now stated to have been in part undertaken as an expiatory work by one who was as superstitious as he was affectionate and sensual. It should be added that, by those who have gone the deepest in the subject, Herr Jahn is accepted as a writer of research and credit.—*London Athenæum.*

A BOILED THUNDERBOLT.—"I had formidable rivals in the West—not quacks, but old women. Many of their nostrums do good—I do not know how. The most extraordinary of these I ever met with was the water of a boiled thunderbolt? Yes, and I discovered what a thunderbolt was. I took it out of the water where an old woman had been boiling it for some hours. It proved to be a celt, one of those relics of old times often found in Cornwall, that puzzle our wise-headed antiquaries so much, to say if it is a chisel or a spear-head."—*Redding.*

☞ Dean Swift says—"It is with narrow-souled people as it is with narrow-necked bottles, the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out."

THE WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTION.

The ravages of war fall not so heavily upon any class of persons as upon the women. Many of them were from the best families of the old world, nurtured under all the influence of position and wealth, but they knew what would be expected of them in their new home, and were willing to bear their part. These women threw round the struggle of the Revolution the charms of home; they wove the banners their husbands or brothers bore. Who has not heard of widow Anderson, who, in her old age and in her poverty, sent her only son to join the army: Margaret Garburn, who, when her husband fell at Fort Scott, took his place at the guns and served during the campaign; Mrs. Hayward, who was ordered by British officers to have her house illuminated, but by her firmness prevented it, declaring that it could only be done by walking over her dead body; Elizabeth Danvers, who rose from her bed, as her quick ear heard the first sound from the guns at Bunker Hill, rushing in her night-dress to the quarters of some militia men, who were about sitting down to their refreshments, and crying out: "Why on earth don't you march!—don't you hear the guns at Charlestown!" Catharine Schuyler, who burned over her wheat fields that the grain might not feed the enemies of her country; and of Lucy Knox, wife of Gen. Knox, who left alone her royalist family? Lydia Gates, a young Quaker girl, had saved Washington and his army at White Marsh. Rachel Martin, of South Carolina, had nine children, and seven sons were in the army.

Next to the influence of women in the Revolution was that of the clergymen. Washington had declared in his letters that if the clergymen had not thrown their influence in his favor, the cause would have been ruined. If a wife opposed her husband joining the ranks, the clergyman interfered in favor of him going. If a maiden desired to retain her lover at home, the clergyman declared he would not marry them if he did not go, and nobody else in the country would dare to do it. It was customary when a company of men were raised, and were about to march against the enemy, to draw up before the house of the "dominie" and get his blessing. One of the Boston clergymen prayed after this fashion:

"Oh, Lord! if our enemies will fight, let them have fighting enough. If more troops come over, Lord, *sink them!*"

And the congregation responded:

"*Yes, Lord, let them all be sunk!*"

FLOWERS.

Fair flowers! beloved flowers!
Charm of the summer hours,
In all her freshness, the exulting earth
Like a young mother, joys in your sweet birth.
The stars, with loving eye,
Gaze on you from on high,
And the soft breezes leave the waves at rest,
To sink with deep delight into your fragrant breast.

Fair flowers—ye brilliant things!
The fond imaginings
Of which a poet's heart is ever full
Can fancy naught in heaven more beautiful.
Oh, ye are sent to prove
Envoys of peace and love.
Your presence were a mockery here, sweet flowers,
If guilt and grief had claim on all our mortal hours.

Even your names are fraught
With treasures of deep thought.
The poets of our land have sung your praise,
Linking your charms to their celestial lays.
The golden cowslip well
Might lift her pendant bell
In pride, to be by Shakspeare's hand impressed
With the same crimson drops as Imogen's white breast.

For me, each flower that blows,
From the voluptuous rose
To the meek daisy, with its starry eye,
That has inspired such gems of poesy,
Has some peculiar claim;
And each accustomed name
Seems of the flower itself a beauteous part,
That, like its rich perfume, sinks deep into the heart.

But they exist no more—
Those charmed sounds of yore,
Familiar to my fancy—science grave
Recalls those simple names our fathers gave,
And my own favorite flower,
Chosen in childhood's hour,
Now fades within my bosom, loved too well,
With a long Latin name I cannot speak or spell.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.—Miss Strickland says:—

"The royal adventurer, Henry of Lancaster—the banished and aspiring Lancaster—appears to have been the person who gave to the *Myosotis palustrus*, or Forget-me-Not, its emblematical and poetical meaning, by writing it, at the period of his exile, on his collar of S. S., with the initial letter of his *mot*, or watchword, *Souvenez vous de moy*; thus rendering it the symbol of remembrance, and, like the subsequent fatal roses of York and Lancaster and Stuart, the lily of Bourbon, and the violet of Napoleon, a historical flower. Few of those who, at parting, exchange this simple, touching appeal to the memory, are aware of the fact that it was first used as such by a royal Plantagenet prince, who was perhaps indebted to the agency of this mystic blossom for the crown of England. It was with his hostess, at that time wife of the Duke of Bretagne, that Henry exchanged this token of good will and remembrance."

JOHN BUNYAN'S FLUTE.—The flute with which John Bunyan beguiled the tediousness of his captive hours, is now in the possession of Mr. Howells, tailor, Gainsborough. In appearance it does not look unlike the leg of a stool—out of which it is said that Bunyan, while in prison, manufactured it. When the turnkey, attracted by the sound of music, entered his cell to ascertain, if possible, the cause of the harmony, the flute was replaced in the stool, and by this means detection was avoided.—*Lincolnshire (Eng.) Times.*

☞ Good manners are a sort of minor morals, which test the character as fairly, in many cases, as the closest ethical investigation. The man who aims to make his neighbor happy is very likely to show his good will in the common intercourse of life—in respect for the feelings and habits, and even prejudices of his fellows.

OVERLAIN CHILDREN.

As a very large number of inquests are every winter held on infants who have died whilst lying abed beside the mother or nurse, the Coroner for Middlesex, recently took occasion to correct the error which usually prevails as to the cause of death:—"He observed that children found dead in bed were said to have been overlain, but this was an error, as not one in a hundred of such deaths occurred in this way, and then only in the case of infants very young indeed. On the contrary, children assumed to have died from having been overlain in bed, are really suffocated by means of carbonic-acid gas—and it happens in this way: A very common and dangerous practice prevails with mothers and nurses, who immediately they get into bed begin to suckle the child, its head being nearly always partially below the bed-clothes. In a very short time the suckling draws both mother and infant off to sleep, when the bedclothes cover the head of the infant, and it is placed as if in a well with the lid close upon it. The consequence is that there is no struggle, no noise—in fact, no movement of any kind whatever, to indicate the fatal mischief that is going on; all are fast and sound asleep, with nothing to disturb them. The little victim is not found dead at half-past ten o'clock, nor twelve o'clock, but as a rule, after three o'clock in the morning; showing that the process of poisoning was slow, but not the less sure. We cannot too strongly condemn the practice of mothers and nurses giving the breast to children under such circumstances, or going to sleep whilst an infant is suckling." The remedy for this evil is a simple one—never to suckle a child at night except in a sitting posture. But it were far better to dispense with the danger which must always exist when an infant lies in the bed of an adult, and to let the babe lie in its own crib or cradle.—*London Lancet.*

A REVEREND OF THE OLDEN TIME.—Some original and highly characteristic reminiscences of the celebrated Dr. Mason, of New York, are given by the Rev. Dr. McCartee, of Newburgh. One of his sermons was preached upon a fast day, and at a time of extreme political excitement. Personal violence had been threatened in case he denounced, as he had before done, the proposed alliance with France. I myself remember to have heard a young lawyer and a violent partisan declare that "if the doctor dared to repeat the thing, even the horns of the altar should not protect him, for he would himself be one of the first to pull him out of the pulpit." When the fast day arrived, a large audience assembled, expecting to hear a sermon "to the times." The doctor chose for his text Ezekiel ii., 3, and the whole chapter was read in his most impressive manner. Near the close of his discourse, he broke forth into a solemn and impassioned apostrophe to Deity in nearly these words: "Send us, if thou wilt, murrain upon our cattle, a famine upon our land, cleanness of teeth in our borders; send us pestilence to waste our cities; send us, if it please Thee, the sword to bathe itself in the blood of our sons; but spare us, Lord God Most Merciful, spare us that direst and most dreadful of all Thy curses—an alliance with Napoleon Bonaparte." As he uttered these rousing sentences, the blood gushed from his nostrils: he unconsciously put his handkerchief to his face, and the next instant made a gesture which looked as if he were designedly waving it before the audience like a bloody and symbolic flag. You can fancy better than I can describe the impression which this incident, coupled with the awful apostrophe, made upon the crowded assembly. Next day I asked the young lawyer why he did not proceed, as he promised, to pull the doctor out of the pulpit? "Why," said he "I was perfectly horror-struck when he wound up that terrible apostrophe by waving his bloody handkerchief."

WHERE CAPTAIN KIDD BURIED HIS MONEY.—This has long been an interesting question to treasure seekers, who, all along our coast, have turned up much soil with very little results, save disappointment and vexation of spirit. We are gratified at being able to point out the exact spot where the famous pirate buried his hoard! Captain Burton, the enterprising traveller, who in the disguise of a Moslem penetrated to the Prophet's tomb, contributes to the last number of *Blackwood* a journal of his travels in East Africa, in which, speaking of Pemba or the "Emerald Isle," off the eastern coast of Africa, in the Indian ocean, he says:

"In A. D. 1698 the bold buccaneer, Captain Kidd, buried there his blood stained hoards of precious stones and metal, the plunder of India and the further Orient. The people of Pemba have found pots full of gold lumps, probably moulded for buttons that the pirate might wear his wealth."

Thus it seems that the Captain's hoarding place has actually been found, but we would not advise treasure seekers to go there in search of further discoveries!

ONE OF THE DUELS.—Morgan O'Connell fought a duel with Humphrey Howarth, M. P. for Evesham, who was a *farceur* like himself, that was treated more as an object of ridicule than as anything serious. It arose out of a quarrel after dinner at the Castle Inn, at Brighton, during the race week, and they adjourned to the course early in the morning to settle the difference. The seconds and a few friends who went to *see the show*, were soon convulsed with laughter when they saw Howarth, who was a fat old man, deliberately take off his clothes and present himself naked (except his drawers) to the murderous weapon of his adversary. The fact was, he had been a surgeon in the Company's army in India, and knowing professionally that gunshot wounds were often aggravated by parts of the clothing being driven by the ball into the orifice, he had determined to avoid at least this risk, by divesting himself of all incumbrances. The precaution, however, was needless, as no blood was spilt, and the matter arranged by a random shot from each party.

☞ Andrew Jackson Davis, in a lecture, the other day, in St. Louis, made the declaration that "death was the merest nothing," only the slightest exfoliation of the spirit, a gentle emerging from this state into another, about as easy as the passage from one apartment into the next.

CONGRESSIONAL.

THE KANSAS QUESTION.

A NIGHT SESSION.

EXCITING SCENES.

SENATE.

On the 13th, Mr. Wade, of Ohio, spoke, defending the North from the charges of aggression upon the South, and contending that the aggression is all the other way. In this connection, he charged the seizure of Texas and her admission into the Union, (in flagrant violation of the Constitution of the United States) as an enormous aggression upon the rights of the North.

Mr. Wade next entered into an elaborate defence of the laborers of the North from the aspersions of the Senator from South Carolina, Mr. Hammond, and others. He pointed to their achievements as recorded in the Patent Office and elsewhere, as evidence of their civilization and genius. It was not, he said, on the prostrate necks of such a class that the Senator from South Carolina could erect his system of society. He might as well attempt to make his bed in hell, or erect his edifice over a volcano. Nor was it necessary for the South to send its threatened missionaries to the North to teach such laborers their power. They knew the value of their votes. Their interest in the State, and all that concerns good government, is the same as all others. As to the degraded class alluded to by the Senator, he admitted their existence. But he contended they are mostly foreigners, the sweepings of the old world, ignorant and vicious, but nevertheless good Democrats, and the principal supporters of slavery now found in the North. Slaves in their own country, they naturally attach themselves to slaveholders in this. Mr. Wade next passed to the Supreme Court, commenting on its Dred Scott decision, and asserting that its dictation can bind no one excepting suitors in their own courts. Then addressing himself to Mr. Hammond's boast, that the slaveholders had ruled this nation for sixty years, he admitted its truth, but contended that it was only through the aid of that most despicable of men —the Northern doughfaces—a type of men not new in the world, for Moses encountered them in the wilderness, where, turning from the visible glories of the Almighty, they fell prostrate to worship an Egyptian calf. These men hungered after the fleshpots of Egypt. They were national men. They were not Northern men with Southern principles, but Israelites with Egyptian principles. Our Saviour met with a man of this class in Judas Iscariot, and Washington and his associates had encountered them frequently. Mr. Wade then turned to the Kansas question, referring to the alleged submissive clause in Mr. Toombs's bill—which called up Senators Bigler, Broderick, &c. Adjourned.

On the 15th, Mr. Wade concluded his speech. The President, he said, had denounced the framers of the Topeka Constitution as rebels. If so, there are many more such in Kansas. He (Wade) stood there as their champion. If they were rebels, so were the majority of the House of Representatives. So was he: and Cass was a traitor for presenting that constitution to the Senate. It seemed that all who refuse to submit to be trampled on by border ruffianism are to be denounced as traitors. If this sort of thing is continued, said he, there will be a civil war!

Mr. Mason, of Virginia, commenced by saying when at the close of the American revolution the several States met in convention to consult together, many disturbing questions were made the subjects of debate, but at the bottom of all, and the most disturbing of all was that of African bondage. It was discussed to determine whether it should form an element of political power, and it was finally guarantied to the States where it existed that it should form an element of political power.

The attempt in 1820 to exclude Missouri from the Union, because of slavery, was a struggle to impair the power of the South. She was finally admitted, but only on a condition unknown to the constitution—namely, the establishment of the 36 deg. 30 min. line. The South had believed ever since that that compromise was unconstitutional. But it was acquiesced in, and Senators now spoke of it as a sacred compact, and when, in 1848, it was proposed, as a quieting measure, to extend that line to the Pacific, every Northern vote was against the proposal. They exhumed from the dust the ordinance of 1787 against it. Mr. Mason here quoted Mr. Madison, to show that the ordinance had reference only to preventing the African slave import trade into the north-west Territories. Mr. Mason proceeded at great length to trace out the progressive steps of aggression on slavery, from the Revolution to the Dred Scott decision. On alluding to the latter, he quoted Chief Justice Marshall, who once said, "the greatest curse an angry God could leave to an erring people was a dependent judiciary." And yet, said Mr. Mason, the Senator from New York (Mr. Seward) talks of re-organizing the courts, so as to make them sectional and subservient to the fluctuations of political parties.

Mr. Seward, of New York, replied that he had been engaged in preparing a measure to organize the Supreme and Circuit Courts in such a way as to organize the representation from the several States, so as to secure a better administration of justice and greater despatch of business. When matured, he would bring it in. It will be conservative in its character, and, at the same time, just. He added, that he hoped the principles of the court will be brought in conformity with the Constitution of the United States, and the principles of humanity and justice.

Mr. Mason said, as to the Lecompton Constitution, Congress had only to ask if the Constitution is republican in form, and has no right to look into it for a slavery clause any more than for any other.

Mr. Mason next proceeded to answer the Senators who denied the right of property in man, asking what is an indentured apprentice. There is the right of property in his service and time. Slavery is but a similar right for life. Quoting from a Maine newspaper an instance where a poor person was said to have been sold at auction, he claimed it as an acknowledgment of the right of property in man.

Mr. Fessenden, of Maine, explained: The case alluded to was a mere contract to support, at the lowest rate, a poor person unable to work. He also quoted Blackstone, defining property as based on the gift of dominion over all things given by the Almighty to man.

Mr. Mason replied that the statement was natural, as Blackstone was writing the history of common law, while we must go back to the origin of property. The normal state of the African, he contended, is slavery. Deportation improves his condition; and his bondage in this country, in its superiority over his original state in Africa, may be compared to the highest over the lowest type of his civilization. Whenever left to himself, he lapses into barbarism, where, in a freed condition, he degenerates, for all incentives that belong to the white man are utterly lost on him. The law of emigration is the law of nature.

The African goes into a climate where his labor is most advantageous. He cannot live in a Northern climate, and if he could, his labor would be of little value. What purpose, therefore, he asked, have Senators in agitating this question? There can be but one answer. Because it is resistance to that feature of the constitution which makes slavery an element of political power. Take away that, and there will be no further opposition to the admission of Kansas. Referring to the objections to this admission, Mr. Mason alluded to the fact that there was no objection to the admission of Minnesota, though she had no convention at all, when

Mr. Seward asked. Will the Senator undertake to say that any part of the people of Minnesota object to being admitted under her constitution?

Mr. Mason answered: He had no official knowledge that any part of the people of Kansas object to admission under her constitution. He then proceeded to show the irregularities in the State of Minnesota; but for himself, he continued, glad as he would be to see the slave States increasing as fast as the free, he was not prepared to vote against the admission of a State because she is free, and he thought there would be no objection on the part of any gentlemen representing the slave States.

In conclusion, Mr. Mason returned to Mr. Seward's threat that there should be no more slave States. The battle, he tells us, is fought and won. A significant warning. But he would tell that gentleman, the battle is not fought, is not won, it is but just begun. The direct issue is "you shall have no more slave States." He did not know how it will result, but if the vote on Kansas is to consign all who give it to political death, it will take no prophet to foretell how long this Union will last. He wished the people of this country could only look at things as they are. If one State should fall out of that confederation she would still be perfect in her organization, with all her attributes of government. If the General Government would but revert to the several States exclusive jurisdiction over their own affairs, although their numbers might increase to a hundred, all would revolve harmoniously around the central government. Yet it is attempted to get up a political party by crushing out one of the greatest instruments of civilization—African bondage—destroying the harmony, not of political only, but of our social relations, calling hard names, and awakening unkindness. If the great american mind would only understand it aright, there is only one way to carry this country and this people onward to the power it is destined to attain; that is, to let the States manage their own affairs, while cultivating a fraternal regard. And let the maxim be, "Every one manage his own business."

Several motions from the opposition side to adjourn were lost, and preparations for a night session were made.

Mr. Clark, of N. H., in reply to Mr. Hammond, said: In the Revolutionary war, a blacksmith of New Hampshire gave his services to the State. His father said to him, the State is poor, do not ask for your money now. Aye, the sum due him stands on record, in the capital of New Hampshire, so many pounds, so many shillings, and his descendants are proud of that record of his patriotism. Little did the son of that man (Mr. Clark himself) think that he would come into this Senate Chamber and hear the Senator from South Carolina call that father a slave. [Applause.]

A struggle then ensued, the majority desiring the question, and determined at least to have a day that week appointed for taking it. The minority demanded an adjournment for consultation. The most important incidents of the night session were the following:—

Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, said that the first speech on Kansas was made on the 9th of December last. Since then the whole business of the country had been made subservient to it. The opposition gentlemen had spoken of their rights, but the country also has rights, the majority have rights, and duties as well as rights. One of these duties is to expedite the business of the country and crush out this faction.

Mr. Harlan, of Iowa, would like to know how that crushing out process was to be accomplished. He defended his side from the charge of having protracted the debate. The opposition did not know that the question was to be insisted on to-day; but they knew the rules of the Senate, and would resort to them and make it a question of physical endurance.

Mr. Seward said the crushing process had no terrors for him; he was accustomed to it, and had seen the party crushed and grow stronger. This debate began just fifteen days ago, which, less Sundays and adjournments, gave ten business days, a time entirely too short. And of that time one-half was consumed by the opposition. He wished to correct the idea that this debate began in December.

Mr. Wade said that after the words "crushed out" were uttered, all hope of reconciliation with him had gone. He might be out voted, but could not be crushed out. He would rather die in his place than humiliate himself and his constituents.

Mr. Clark then resumed: He said the Senator from Georgia would find it hard work to crush out twenty Northern Senators. A different class of men came from the North—men who will not bow down and yield. They are sent not to bow down but to stand up. Referring to the figure in Mr. Hunter's speech of the eagles gathering to the feast of empire, he protested against that vision. Let the youngest eagle of them all stay at home, said he, and not seek to feed on the carrion of Europe.

Mr. Green declared that unless he could have a distinct understanding that the vote shall be taken on Monday he would go on.

Messrs. Hamlin and Green exchanged explanations in reference to the conversation they had, with the view of coming to an arrangement.

Mr. Cameron was disgusted with these fruitless attempts. Who is the gentleman from Missouri? [Mr. Green] he asked. He is but our peer. Is he the commander of the Senate majority that adjourned over from Thursday to Tuesday, to attend a political pageant at Richmond?

Mr. Green. That is not true.

Mr. Cameron. Do I understand the gentleman to say that I state what is not true?

Mr. Green. I said so.

The Vice President called both Senators to order.

Mr. Cameron. The Senator has applied to me harsh language. I will also use harsh terms and say it is an untruth.

Mr. Green. YOU'RE A LIAR!

The Vice President called both of the gentlemen to order

Mr. Cameron asked pardon of the Senate for having done what the Senate says is not right, though he still thought he was not wrong. For anything I have said to that gentleman I am responsible.

Mr. Green denied that he arrogated to himself to dictate to members. The Senator does me injustice. He knows he does me injustice. He (Mr. Green) was man enough to meet him or any other. The slander of the Senator will reverberate on his own head.

The Vice President emphatically called the gentleman to order.

Mr. Green said he had said enough to the Senator in this chamber: out of the chamber he would use a more appropriate epithet—the epithet which belongs to the West. He would not infringe upon the propriety of the Senate. If there is any animosity to settle, it must be done outside. He did not go to that side of the chamber to dictate, but to ask when would it be agreeable for them to vote. He did not go individually but as an agent of the committee. He would settle the matter with the Senator in five minutes, (snapping his fingers as he spoke.)

Mr. Cameron said the Senator's remarks had no effect on him. He was able to take care of himself. He repeated that all this discussion had been protracted by them.

The passage between Messrs. Green and Cameron produced complete stillness in the Senate Chamber.

At half past two o'clock, there being but one Senator in his seat, Mr. Doolittle, Mr. Broderick, and two others reclining on sofas, and twenty persons in the gallery, with the reporters,

Mr. Bigler proceeded to address the Senate, stating that his speech was not for the Senate, but for his constituents. He spoke half an hour, when Mr. Bigler commenced reading a speech, a Senator snoring an audible accompaniment.

At three o'clock there were nine Senators in their seats, and the Senate continued in session.

Mr. Doolittle, of Wisconsin, speaking to a motion to adjourn, took occasion to refer to the evils of night sessions, which, besides obstructing business, produced unpleasant scenes that lessened the dignity of the Senate.

At three o'clock, Mr. Briggs defined the position of North Carolina, as taking no extreme views, but as committed to the Lecompton Constitution.

Things were now at a dead-lock, when Mr. Hamlin propounded a given case. If the Sergeant at Arms has to go to the several houses of the absentees, in different parts of the country, is it the opinion of the Chair that Senators must sit here day and night until he returned?

Mr. Slidell—That is the opinion of the Chair.

Mr. Hamlin complimented the Chair on his courage in giving such an opinion.

Mr. Gwin, of California, took the Chair temporarily.

Mr. Slidell spoke in favor of the bill. Alluding to Mr. Seward, he spoke of him as the *facile princeps* of his party, weighing well his words, courteous, and carefully refraining from saying anything personally offensive to Southern men. This makes him the more dangerous enemy. Turning to the Kansas question, he said, admit her under this bill, and in a few weeks all will be quiet, and the people at the North will wonder at the excitement it occasioned. He concluded by advising the cultivation of the harmony that prevailed in the early days of the Republic.

Through all this time, various motions to adjourn, &c., were defeated by the majority.

Mr. Houston, of Texas, came in, and said the Senator from Georgia had moved that the absentees should render an excuse for their absence. He asked what excuse the Senate could render him for depriving him of rest.

Mr. Seward, of New York, would like to know where the Senator from Georgia was when he was absent for about a month. The public business suffered very much.

Mr. Toombs declined to answer the Senator in his private capacity. He was responsible to the Senate only. If any one wished to know his private affairs, let him ask him at the door.

Mr. Benjamin, of Louisiana, said this is no ordinary condition of things. For the first time in the annals of the country, a minority dictates to the majority, and stops the business of the country. He suggested that the majority leave the Hall, leaving a message for the minority to call them back when ready to carry on the public business. This was a revolution, and he wanted the country to know it.

Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire, said that the revolution was begun as long ago as 1848, when the Oregon Bill was debated.

Mr. Wilson had not the slightest doubt but that if the Republicans had been permitted to hold their meeting, they would have come in with a unanimous assent to a vote on Monday. What will force avail you? Give me a cup of water and a crust of bread, and I can live a month without leaving the Capitol. Ten men sitting here can hold you for forty days and forty nights.

Mr. Green, of Missouri, asked Mr. Wilson if he (Green) had approached him in any but respectful language.

Mr. Wilson—No.

Mr. Green again demanded from Mr. Wilson a distinct appointment of a definite time to take the vote.

Mr. Iverson, of Georgia, thought the majority had not acted magnanimously in refusing the minority an opportunity of consulting, and he thought the matter might be easily arranged by a committee from both sides.

Mr. Green insisted on the minority's naming a day: that was the largest concession he could make.

Mr. Iverson moved an adjournment—yeas 17, nays 17. The President voting in the negative, defeated the question.

Mr. Wilson moved an adjournment, and the question was carried by acclamation at half-past six o'clock in the morning, to meet again at 12 o'clock.

On the 16th, the Senate met at the usual hour, and, after preliminary and unimportant business, Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire, made a statement that an agreement had been entered into by his friends, and acquiesced in by many gentlemen on the opposite side. The agreement was read:

"We agree that the debate shall close and the question be taken on Monday next; but if it appears necessary that the sessions be protracted to allow free discussion, they shall be extended to such an hour as we may indicate."

Mr. Bigler, of Pennsylvania, considered the agreement in accordance with the views of his friends.

Mr. Green said that after a consultation with a number of his friends, he would make a personal explanation. He was said to have used language last night which was understood as personal. If so, he withdrew it.

Mr. Cameron said he might have come into the Senate last night under a wrong impression. He had no disrespectful feeling toward the Senator from Missouri. He could have none. In common with all parties, he respected that gentleman, and did intend nothing disrespectful toward him.

Mr. Green rose as if to say more. But his friends seemed to wish no more said on either side, and the matter was dropped.

Mr. King, of New York, then made a long speech on the Kansas Bill. Referring to the prevalent excitement, he said the Democratic party is responsible for it all—that party which is swayed by the man who never had a drop of Democratic blood in his veins. He hailed the dawn of the day of emancipation from the influence of such a party. In the day of its purer organization it achieved great triumphs; but the day is at hand when the tainted name of Democrat will be buried in the same grave where was deposited the name of Federalist.

Mr. Mallory, of Fla., then took the floor. The Lecompton Constitution, he contended, was a legal instrument and republican in form, and Kansas should be admitted into the Union under it. He next alluded to the Senator from Illinois (Mr. Douglas.) That gentleman, he remarked, had assumed an extraordinary attitude. One that could only have been taken after conscientious convictions, which will not be readily abandoned. His efforts to maintain his position challenge admiration. But, like a strong man in a morass, every effort but plunges him in deeper. Referring to the doctrine of expansion, he said that if the South were to seize Cuba now, the act would be followed by the acquisition of Canada, and thus a preponderance of Northern influence will be preserved. Turning to the subject of slavery, he said he would refrain from entering upon it now, but was ready at any time to discuss it as a practical issue. The African, he said, was nowhere more progressive than in the United States. As to the charge that the slaveholders swayed the government, he admitted that it might be so. Seven Presidents have been slaveholders. Whenever the country demanded the genius and intellect of her sons, she has not made the demand in vain on the South. While she held the helm, the ship of State advanced in the path of progress. Sectional disagreements have arisen from time to time, but have not delayed our onward path. But he foresaw the day when the South would be in the minority. We cannot and ought not to ignore the fact; and in giving up the ship of State, she can surrender it with honor. It already becomes her to consider her future. Her political skies are threatened. But the darkest hour is before the dawn. It remains to be seen how the South will act when her political power is submerged. But one thing is certain; she will never submit to voluntary acquiescence under a violated constitution.

Mr. Pugh, of Ohio, said he would be brief. His State had instructed him how to vote. But he should state his convictions in favor of the admission of Kansas with the Lecompton Constitution. He refuted the statements that the President or Judiciary can ever interfere with whatever construction the people of Kansas may choose to place on their constitution. The Supreme Court has decided that it has no power to say which one of the two instruments is the constitution of the State. But, said Mr. Pugh, my principal purpose was to state the proposition that the President of the Lecompton Convention is bound to complete his trust, before the vote is taken. Adjourned.

On the 17th, Mr. Crittenden, of Kentucky, examined the legality of the Lecompton Constitution, declaring that it was not the constitution of Kansas, but only of the convention which framed it. The vote of ten thousand on the fourth of January shows that it is not the constitution of the people. They tell you it is particularly obnoxious to them, because tainted with fraud. It is one of a series of frauds instigated for the purpose of getting and keeping possession of the government of Kansas from the first election, carried by armed invaders from Missouri, down to the present day. Hence, he concluded, to impose it on Kansas would be a plain and palpable violation of the right of the people to govern themselves. The majority of the people of Kansas should be allowed to make such a constitution as they please. That, said he, is the great American principle—that is the principle of the South itself. He then spoke discursively on various topics. He was, he said, according to the terms now used, a Southern Democrat—he had lived all his life in a Southern climate, and was ready to defend his rights there—but in the same resolute spirit in which he would defend his own rights, would he defend the rights of others. Alluding to the previous debates, he said he was much gratified in learning from them the comparative resources of the two sections of our country. The Senator from South Carolina (Mr. Hammond), had detailed the resources of the South; the gentleman from Maine (Mr. Hamlin), had given those of the North. And, while listening to them, it seemed to him that this was the most natural Union in the world, if either of these sections apart would make a nation, of which any man may be proud to be a citizen. What a magnificent Union it makes when you put both together. Were this discord but lulled, what a summer sea lies before us, of boundless prosperity? In concluding, he said, he should vote on the question as a Senator of the United States of America, not as a sectional man. He owed allegiance to no section. The course he would approve, would be to pass a law, by which the constitution shall be submitted to the vote of the people, and if it be then ratified, he would admit Kansas into the Union under it.

Mr. Trumbull, of Illinois, after complimenting Mr. Crittenden's speech, proceeded to state his objections to the Lecompton Constitution. He denied the doctrine that the constitution of the United States extends slavery into the territories, contending that the constitution does not itself operate over the territories, excepting by act of Congress. All Kansas asks from Congress is to cease legislation. All they ask is to be let alone, and in due time they will form a constitution. Adjourned.

On the 18th, the Chair presented a communication from the Secretary of War, stating that Rock Island was no longer required for military purposes, and urging the propriety of taking steps for the sale of the property belonging to the Government.

Mr. Gwin, of California, presented a resolution of inquiry as to what steps had been taken to punish the perpetrators of the massacre of one hundred and eighteen emigrants in Utah.

Mr. Foot, of Vermont, moved that the Kansas Bill be considered, and stated that he had resigned the floor to Mr. Toombs.

Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, said that he agreed with Mr. Crittenden that this was not a sectional question. It involved the rights of fifteen States, and the principle was worth more to the others than the Union with these States. The anti-slavery shibboleth, that there shall be no more slave States, was the pressing question in the Senate, and the defeat of the bill would be a triumph of these principles. He then examined two clauses of the Constitution, having reference to the admission of new States. Hamilton, he said, foresaw the acquisition of Louisiana, and a large portion of Mexico. The former is history, and the latter is soon to become so. Texas is already admitted. But a great restriction is imposed on this right of admission—that government must be republican in form. The only duty of Congress is to see that the Constitutions are republican. But growing out of this is another duty—namely, that the new States be admitted on an equality with the others. Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, and Louisiana, were admitted without question. The admission of Missouri was the first case in which power was claimed to look into a State Constitution, not because it was anti-republican, but because it tolerated slavery. Since that period, the Northern abolitionists have opposed every new slave State. Then they sowed the wind. If the wirlwind be reaped, they alone are responsible.

Mr. Toombs then proceeded to argue the right of Kansas to be admitted under the Lecompton Constitution, contending that her claim was three-fold, and supporting his position by various illustrations. He also gave the record of his own bill, explaining its principles. He then alluded to Mr. Crittenden's expression of regret at the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, saying that he, on the contrary, rejoiced that it was torn from the statute book. He had weighed the value of the Union, and sometimes thought that the South loved it "not wisely, but too well." Then turning to Mr. Crittenden's remarks in reference to Henry Clay and the Missouri Compromise, he reminded the Senators that but seven years since the great Kentuckian stood in that chamber and disclaimed the authorship of that measure. Mr. Toombs concluded with an eloquent passage in defence of the Democratic party and against the fanaticism of the North.

Mr. Bell, of Tennessee, said the Senator from Georgia (Mr. Toombs) had promulgated doctrines which no one can pass without notice. He says he has weighed the value of the Union, and thinks the South has loved it too well. That is the issue which the Senator openly states. There is time enough, said Mr. Bell, to estimate the value of the Union when the powerful North takes a deliberate step—when, for instance, she refuses to admit territory in which slavery already exists, unless it should liberate the slaves. He must see such an issue actually before us before he considered it. But he believed it would never come, if the South were prudent. He (Mr. Bell) like the Senator from Kentucky, would not take a sectional view of the question.

Mr. Bell here entered into an examination of the organic law, to see if it conferred the power upon the people of Kansas to form a Constitution whenever they please, without reference to time or population. He was sure it conveyed no such power. If it did, it would have a most mischievous effect. Utah, New Mexico, Nebraska, Washington and Dacotah, might all come in this session under such a principle. Here, then, he said, is a heresy put forth at the threshold by the President. Next, as to the legality of the Lecompton Constitution, he referred to the authenticated records of successive frauds, and expressed surprise that Senators, in the face of such evidence, could argue in favor of the legitimacy of that instrument. It would, he contended, take twice two thousand troops to force that Constitution upon the people of Kansas. Mr. Bell then went into a lengthened resume of the Presidential campaign of 1852, showing the feeling then existing relative to the Missouri compromise. The successful candidate of that campaign, on coming into office, pledged himself to maintain the peace of the country. But within eight months, by the agency of some diabolical magic, the aspect of the political sky was changed, and a tempest arose that is still raging. The free-soilers in the House and Senate had largely increased, and will continue to increase. Do Southern gentlemen wish to multiply them still faster? He thought one of the worst results of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill was to cement and lay the foundation of the organization of this sectional party. Referring to the assertion that the admission of Kansas would allay excitement, he prophesied that it would take three years, at the soonest, before it would subside. In conclusion, he commented severely on Mr. Seward's threat, that the agitation must continue till the South ceases to seek the extension of slavery under the Federal Constitution, and expressed his own unalterable attachment to the Union. The Senate then adjourned.

On the 19th, Mr. Gwinn's (California) resolution of inquiry, concerning the massacre of California emigrants in Utah, was passed.

The Vice President laid before the Senate the joint resolution of the Legislature of New Mexico, concurring in the President's views relative to the reorganization of the Territory of Arizona, and suggesting the boundaries of the same. Referred, and ordered to be printed.

The Senate then resumed the consideration of the Kansas Bill, and Mr. Foster, of Connecticut, took the floor, in opposition to the bill, followed by Mr. Clay, of Alabama, in its favor.

Mr. Clay said the Union owed its being to-day to the institution of slavery. Slave property is sheltered under its Constitution. Notwithstanding these facts, there is a party in this country pledged to the extermination of that property. He confessed that he looked forward with forebodings to the result, if that party obtain possession of the Government. When that happens, and protection is taken from slave property, the bond of the Union is broken, and the South has no longer a motive for its preservation. Hence Alabama has declared that she will resist aggression upon her rights. She has acted wisely. When the Union becomes an instrument of oppression to the South, he would destroy it at once.

Mr. Houston animadverted upon some remarks of Mr. Clay against the opponents of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill.

Mr. Clay said he intended no personal disrespect. His remarks had only a political bearing. He complimented Mr. Houston on his courage in the field, as well as wisdom in the council.

Mr. Houston replied that every American citizen had courage, and if he ever displayed any in an eminent degree, it was when he stood up here, against the opinions of his friends, and opposed the Kansas-Nebraska Bill. He regarded that bill as a fatal measure, fostered by demagogues, originated by ambition, and intended to unite the South with a few Northern States to make a President.

Mr. Clay answered that the Missouri restriction had placed a badge of inferiority on the slaveholding States. The Legislature of Texas had condemned Mr. Houston for voting against that bill.

Mr. Houston said he had made the State of Texas, but did not make the people. They came there any how. But their condemnation of his vote did not dishonor him.

Mr. Durkee, of Wis., said he had intended to make a speech, but his health being poor, his colleague (Mr. Doolittle) would read it for him. He took strong ground against the Lecompton Constitution, and reiterated the arguments generally on that side.

In order to close the debate to-morrow, the Senate decided to meet at eleven o'clock in the morning. Adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

On the 15th, Mr. Wright, of Georgia, introduced a Homestead Bill.

Mr. Leiter, of Ohio, introduced a bill providing for the election of Postmasters by the people. Referred.

Also, a resolution calling on the President to inform the House what members of the Thirty-Third Congress, who voted for the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, were subsequently appointed to office under the late or the present Administration.

Mr. Smith introduced a bill for a railroad to the Pacific. Adjourned.

On the 16th, Mr. Blair, of Missouri, asked leave to introduce a resolution, instructing the Committee on the Judiciary to report a bill punishing the importation of Africans, under pretence of apprenticeship. Not granted.

Mr. Greenwood, of Arkansas, introduced a bill punishing negro stealing in the Indian country.

Mr. Stephens, of Ga., reported a bill for the construction of a wagon-road from the navigable waters of the Missouri to the Columbia river.

Mr. Burroughs, of New York, reported a bill granting land to the Niagara Ship Canal Company. Referred to a Select Committee.

Mr. Montgomery, of Pa., introduced a bill for the admission of Kansas. It provides for a new Convention, to which the Lecompton Constitution shall be referred. He moved its reference to the Select Committee on Kansas.

Mr. Stephens moved to refer it to the Committee on Territories. Lost—yeas 94 nays 105. It was then referred to the Select Committee.

Mr. Covode, of Pennsylvania, offered a resolution to adjourn on the first Monday of June.

Mr. Florence, of Pennsylvania, offered the following preamble and resolution:

Whereas, The Commissioners appointed by the Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to investigate the condition and affairs of the Bank of Pennsylvania, in the city of Philadelphia, in their report recently made, referring to certain expenditures, have stated that, "To one of these accounts $25 000 is charged, which was given as a compensation to *one individual*, for services rendered, in effecting the sale of the banking house to the Government for a Post Office," and rumor having connected the transaction with persons holding high official positions under the General Government, it becomes important to ascertain the truth thereof: Therefore, be it

Resolved, That a committee of five be appointed to investigate the matter, with power to send for persons and papers, and to report at any time.

The Speaker laid before the House the memorial from the Legislature of Utah, addressed to the President and Congress. It was read, but before final disposition, the House adjourned.

On the 17th, the Utah memorial was ordered to be printed.

Mr. Quitman, of Mississippi, appealed to the House to take up the Army Bill, and debate upon it until it was disposed of, which he supposed would be to-morrow.

[The telegraphic report of Mr. Faulkner's speech on the Volunteer Bill, in the House, on Tuesday of last week, was necessarily brief, and perhaps failed to give a clear idea of that gentleman's real sentiments on the Mormon war. Mr. F. was commenting on an article in a southern newspaper, which advocated the policy of sending to Utah a body of volunteers, who would go there "inspired by religious repugnance of the abomination of Mormonism," and, in this connection, he deprecated a religious warfare. He would go all proper lengths to put down the Mormon rebellion. He would crush it in every form, so far as it has arrayed itself in opposition to the authority of this Government. But he would do it by the regular, established, cool, unimpassioned, judicial, and, if need be, military energies of the country.]

Mr. Pendleton, of Ohio, spoke forcibly of the necessity of defending our extensive possessions against the Indians, some of whom are incited to war by the Mormons, who are themselves in rebellion. Incidental to the present necessity, Mr. Pendleton referred to the future, when these possessions will be largely extended by acquisitions in Cuba, Central America, Mexico, &c. He thought it was the duty of Government to demand peremptorily from Spain indemnity for the past and security for the future, and in failure to give it, to take Cuba.—The other countries alluded to would all come in good time.

Mr. Humphrey Marshall, of Kentucky, replied to Messrs. Faulkner and Pendleton, complimenting the regular army for its bravery and chivalric sense of honor, but favoring the employment of volunteers in the present emergency as the most ready and efficient force. Recruiting for regulars, he said, was a slow process, while five regiments of volunteers are now ready for service, and could march to-morrow.

Mr. Bingham, of Ohio, was opposed both to the majority bill for volunteers and Mr. Faulkner's substitute for additional regulars. As at present advised, he would vote against the proposed increase, either volunteer or regular, for he did not believe the condition of affairs in Utah, Texas, or anywhere else required it. The Mormons were told by the Democratic party that they might regulate their domestic institutions in their own way, and they established polygamy. He wanted Congress to start in the right direction. Let them first pass a law prohibiting polygamy in future. Let all peaceful remedies be first exhausted before resorting to the arbitrament of the sword. The House would be more within the line of duty in preferring articles of impeachment against the President for high crimes and misdemeanors, rather than voting five regiments to put under his control during the recess of Congress.

Mr. Bryan, of Texas, advocated volunteers for the frontiers of Texas, the regulars in that State having been ordered to Utah. He showed the necessity for prompt action.

Mr. Giddings said a few words in defence of the Indians, who, he contended, would not injure the whites, if the whites did not molest them.

Mr. Farnsworth, of Illinois, proposed an amendment, that so much of the bill as provides for a mounted force in Texas, shall not be put into effect in case she shall recede from or maintain a hostile attitude toward the Union. Adjourned.

On the 18th, Mr. Savage, of Tenn., argued in favor of volunteers, and against the recommendation of the Secretary of War for a permanent increase of the army. He contended that if the idea became prevalent that we must depend for our defence on a standing army, the universal self-reliance for protection which now actuates the people, would be stricken down.

Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, referred to the attempted rebellion of the Mormons in that State. They defied the whole power of the State, and it was then supposed, as now, that a large military force would be necessary to operate against them. But a few noble citizens drove them off.

Mr. Humphrey Marshall, of Kentucky, responding to a remark of Mr. Faulkner, said the President cannot move the troops while Congress is in session. As a member of Congress, he was prepared to control the movements of the troops, and let the President know the determination of Congress, and compel obedience.

Mr. Washburne, of Maine, contended that there was no legal authority for using the military for Utah, under the present circumstances. Therefore, if it is intended to use them, an amendment should be made giving the President authority for that purpose.

Mr. Smith, of Illinois, said that if the matter was open to contract, he would guarantee that his State would undertake to subdue the Mormons, and compel them to obey the laws of the country.

Mr. Blair, of Missouri, entered into an exposition of the true character of the Mormons, and contended that it was the duty of the Government to subdue Utah, in order to enable citizens to pass to the Pacific, the route to which is now blockaded by the Mormons.

Mr. Quitman, of Mississippi, contended that the Utah expedition was defensive, and not aggressive. However odious the institutions of Utah, the Government had no intention of interfering with them. If the Mormons obey the law, no blood will be shed.

Mr. Morris, of Illinois, thought the Mormons would offer no resistance. But he wished to know how the laws are to be enforced, while the juries are composed of Mormons.

Mr. Quitman said that would be provided for hereafter. Let us first carry out the laws now, and provide for disobedience hereafter. He did not advocate the army for the main purpose of attacking the Mormons. He showed the necessity of employing an additional force for the protection of Texas and the Western frontiers. He spoke of the fitness of volunteers, and said that while he commanded at Mexico he was never wilfully disobeyed. Adjourned.

On the 19th, the Speaker announced the following as the committee to investigate the charges in relation to the sale of the Pennsylvania Bank building, in Philadelphia, viz:—Messrs. Florence, Maclay, Gilman, Scales and Waldron.

The consideration of the Volunteer Bill was resumed. An amendment from Mr. Walker, to add to present military establishment one regiment of dragoons, and two regiments of infantry, to serve for two years, was rejected—yeas 43, nays 143.

Mr. Quitman's bill authorizing the employment of five regiments of volunteers, was then passed—yeas 124, nays 73.

The bill authorizes the President to receive into the service one regiment of Texas mounted volunteers, for the defence of the frontier thereof; and for the purpose of quelling the disturbances in Utah, for the protection of the supply and emigrant trains, and the suppression of Indian hostilities on the northern and northwestern frontiers, the President is authorized to accept the services of any number of volunteers, not to exceed four regiments, the same or any portion thereof, to be organized into mounted regiments or infantry, as the President may deem proper.

The volunteers are not to be accepted in bodies of less than one regiment, whose officers shall be appointed in the manner prescribed by law in the several States and Territories, to which said regiments shall respectively belong.

Mr. Montgomery, of Pa., spoke on the Kansas question, in opposition to its admission under the Lecompton Constitution. He was followed by Mr. Reagan, of Texas, in favor of the admission. Adjourned.

A VALUABLE BARN.—The barn of Mr. T. P. Remington, recently destroyed by fire, was on the Lancaster county pike, just over the Montgomery county line. The barn was of stone. It contained seventy head of imported cattle, and four valuable horses. The cattle were all Durhams and Alderneys of the purest breed. When first discovered, the fire had made such headway that but fourteen of the cattle and two of the horses were rescued from the flames. In addition to this, fifty tons of hay were involved in the general destruction. Valuable agricultural machinery, vehicles and implements shared the same fate. The farm-house adjoining narrowly escaped. It was saved only by the exertions of the firemen. The loss is not less than $20,000. Two policies for the full amount had existed in the Franklin and Royal Insurance Companies, but both expired on the eighth of the present month, and had not been renewed.

INTERNATIONAL COURTESY.—The President has received an autograph letter from Prince Albert, accompanied with a medal containing the likenesses of the Princess Royal and Frederick William. The letter contains sentiments of friendly regard.

SENSIBLE INQUIRY.—The unfortunate Turk, who is at present in the claws of a Committee of Council members, is said to have inquired of the interpreter: "What makes these men spit so eternally?" In Turkey, and, indeed, in Europe generally, no man spits in the presence of another, excepting in the public street and with his head averted.—*New York Sun.*

THE Secretary of the Treasury has accepted all bids under five per cent. for the five millions of Treasury Notes. These embrace over two millions and a half of dollars. All above five per cent. were awarded *pro rata*.

THE lower House of the Virginia Legislature has passed a bill to issue $200,000 State bonds to John A. Washington, to pay for Mount Vernon, the State to be reimbursed by the Ladies' Association, which has now on hand in cash $75,000.

AN IMMENSE TERRITORY.—The Hudson's Bay Territory is over six times larger than the Canadas, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Newfoundland.

AN AMERICAN VICTIM.—Among the sufferers by the late attempt to assassinate Louis Napoleon, was a Mr. Hess, an American merchant, who was wounded in the head, and died from its effects on the 25th January.

RHODE ISLAND.—A "Straight" State Republican Convention has nominated the present Governor, Lieutenant Governor and Secretary of State for re-election.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
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WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The Flour market has undergone no change; the tendency of prices is unmistakably downward. The only sales reported are in small lots to the bakers and retailers at $4,37½@4,50 ₩ bbl for standard and good brands, and $4,75@6 for extra and fancy brands. The market is tolerably well supplied, and standard brands are freely offered at $4,37½, but purchasers are merely made to meet present wants. Rye Flour and Corn Meal continue quiet. 300 bbls of the former sold at $3,12½ ₩ bbl, and 250 bbls of the latter sold at $2,87½.

GRAIN—There is a fair inquiry for prime Wheat, but other descriptions are not wanted. Sales 1500 bush good Penna Red at $1,09@1,12, and 2000 bush White at $1,25@1,32. Rye is in fair demand at 70c. Corn continues in good demand, but there is not much coming forward. Sales 9000 bush Yellow, part at 62c, afloat, and part in store at 60c ₩ bush. Oats are in better demand, and 1000 bush Penna sold at 36c ₩ bush.

PROVISIONS—The receipts and stocks of all kinds are light, but the demand has been limited and the sales confined to a few small lots at $16@16 17 for Mess Pork, and $16@17 for Mess Beef—the latter for city packed. Bacon sells slowly at 11@13c for Hams, 9½@10c for Sides, and 7½@8c for Shoulders, as in quality. Green meats are in limited request only, with sales of about 250 casks, mostly in small lots, at 9@10c for Hams—the latter for Lewis's, in pickle—8@9c for Sides, in salt, and 6½@7c for Shoulders, cash and short time. Lard is firm at 10½@10¾c for bbls and tierces, and 11½c for kegs; Country sells at 9½@10c. Butter is in steady demand at 11@13c for solid, and 14@17c for Roll, as in quality. Cheese is firm, with sales at 8@9c ₩ lb.

COTTON—The demand has been quite limited. Sales of 600 bales Upland at 11½@13½c ₩ lb, cash, for middling and middling fair quality.

BARK—The demand for Quercitron Bark continues good, and further sales of 120 hhds No 1 have been made, part at $35 per ton, and part on terms kept private. Tanners' Bark continues as last quoted.

FEATHERS—Continue to meet a very limited inquiry, and sell only in a small way at 40@42c ₩ lb for good Western.

FRUIT—Of all descriptions continue to come in slowly. Dried Apples range from 6½ to 6¾c, and Peaches from 10 to 18c for unpared and pared halves, according to quality. Green Apples are scarce, and range from $2 to 5,50 ₩ bbl. Of Cranberries the market is nearly bare.

HEMP—The market is firmer and most kinds of foreign have advanced, with considerable sales of Manilla and Jute at the East at higher rates; a sale of the latter, 100 bales, was made here at $90 ₩ ton, on time. The stock in first hands is light, but the manufacturers are well supplied.

HIDES are in better demand, but the stock in first hands is very much reduced, and no sales of any consequence have come under our notice this week to alter quotations.

HOPS are dull, and a small business only to notice in Eastern and Western at 7@11c ₩ lb, as to quality.

IRON—The market generally is firm, with some inquiry from speculators, but at a price below the views of holders, and we have only to notice sales to the extent of 800 tons, mostly Anthracite, taken for consumption at $22@24 for No 1, and $20@23 for No 2, cash and time. Scotch Pig is selling in a small way at $26@27 per ton.

LEAD—The market continues firm but quiet, the want of stock having a tendency to limit operations.

LEATHER—There has been a steady inquiry for Spanish Sole and Slaughter, and prices remain without change. Finished Skirting, ₩ lb 30@33c; Spanish Sole, Oak, 25@30c; Slaughter do, 22@25c; Upper, rough, side, $1,75@2,25; Calf Skins ₩ doz $20.

TALLOW—Continues very scarce, and held firmly. Sales of Country Rendered at 10½c, and City at 11c ₩ lb, cash.

TOBACCO—Manufactured is in steady demand at former rates. We notice some sales of Mason county Leaf at 7@11c ₩ lb, on time. 100 bales Mexican sold on private terms.

WOOL—There has been more activity in the market this week, but at low prices, and the sales have been large, comprising 200,000 lbs, ranging from 25 to 42½c ₩ lb, cash and on time, mostly at 30c for mixed lots.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

March 20.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour firm, excepting Ohio; sales of 6000 bbls at $4,75@5 for Ohio, a decline of 10c. Wheat heavy; sales of 5000 bus; holders are offering freely at $1,45 for Kentucky white, $1,25 for Ohio white, and $1,20 for Delaware red.

Corn dull but slightly advanced; sales of 16,000 bus at 66½c for white, and 68½c for yellow. Mess Pork $16; bettor at $16,65@16,75. Lard heavy at 9½@10c. Whiskey dull.

COTTON—The sales are reported at 600 bales. We repeat quotations:

NEW YORK CLASSIFICATION.

	Upl'ds.	Florida.	Mobile.	N. O. & Tex.
Ordinary	10½	10½	10½	10½
Middling	11½	12	12½	12½
Mid'ling fair,	12½	12½	13	13
Fair.	12¾	13	—	—

HOPS—Prices are unchanged, the inquiry is moderate at 4@7c, as to quality and quantity.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street. *Philadelphia, March 20, 1858.*

PENNSYLVANIA.	GEORGIA.
Solvent banks ¼ dis	Solvent banks 1½ dis
Relief Notes ½ dis	SOUTH CAROLINA.
NEW JERSEY.	Solvent banks 1½ dis
Solvent bks par to ½ dis	ALABAMA.
DELAWARE.	Solvent banks 2 to 5 dis
Solvent bks par to ¼ dis	MISSISSIPPI.
MARYLAND.	All banks uncertain
Baltimore ¼ dis	LOUISIANA.
Solvent banks ½ to ¾ dis	Solvent banks 2½ dis
NEW YORK.	OHIO.
Solvent bks par to ½ dis	Solvent banks 1½ dis
MAINE.	KENTUCKY.
Solvent banks ½ dis	Solvent banks 1½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	INDIANA.
Solvent banks ½ dis	State bank 1½ dis
VERMONT.	ILLINOIS.
Solvent banks ¼ dis	Solvent banks 2 dis
CONNECTICUT.	MISSOURI.
Solvent banks ½ dis	Solvent banks 1½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	TENNESSEE.
Solvent banks ¼ dis	Old banks 4 dis
RHODE ISLAND.	MICHIGAN.
Solvent banks ¼ dis	Solvent banks 2 dis
VIRGINIA.	WISCONSIN.
Solvent banks 2 dis	Solvent banks 2 dis
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.	TEXAS.
Solvent banks ½ dis	Commercial and Agricultural bank,
NORTH CAROLINA.	Galveston 20 dis
Solvent banks 3½ dis	
CANADA.	
Solvent banks 1 dis	

THE village of Lewisville, Monongahela county, Va., was purchased a few days since by Jonathan McKeek. The purchases included a very valuable mill property, store-house and several dwellings, together with a well-improved farm of about seventy-five acres. The sum paid was $10,000 cash.

BRONCHITIS.

The usual symptoms of this disease are Cough, Soreness of the Lungs or Throat, Hoarseness, Difficulty of Breathing, Hectic Fever, a spitting of Phlegm or Matter, and sometimes Blood. It is an inflammation of the fine skin which lines the inside of the whole of the Wind Tubes or Air Vessels which run through every part of the Lungs. Jayne's Expectorant immediately suppresses the Cough, Pain, Inflammation, Fever and difficulty of Breathing; produces a free and easy expectoration, and *effects a speedy cure*.

Prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, and for sale by their agents throughout the country. mar20-2t

WE HAVE no hesitation in saying that Consumption can always be alleviated, and in a great many cases *cured*, simply by the use of Dr. Wistar's Wild Cherry Balsam. Its healing influence over the diseased organs is truly wonderful.

PHYSICIANS say that Davis' Pain Killer is one of those nice little articles which is calculated to relieve an immense amount of suffering incident to human life. Its action on the system is many times like magic—so instantaneous—the pain is gone at once. Sold by all dealers in family medicines.

☞ EMPLOYMENT FOR THE YEAR.—Persons out of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov29-tf

AN IMPORTANT ITEM TO THE SURVIVORS OF THE LATE WAR WITH MEXICO.

LANCASTER, C. H., S. C., May 12, 1856.

Dr. C. M. Jackson. Dear Sir:—After my return from Mexico, I was seriously afflicted with that terrible disease which has carried to the grave so many of my fellow-soldiers, Chronic Diarrhœa, accompanied with Neuralgia brought on by the climate of Mexico and the mode of living while engaged in the war. The relief I have obtained from the use of Hoofland's German Bitters is astonishing; and I most cheerfully have, and still continue to recommend the Bitters to all who are similarly affected, believing that the benefit that will result from their use will be incalculable.

Very respectfully yours, K. G. BILLINGS, Late Lieutenant of Company C., Palmetto Reg't, S. C. Volunteers.

Be sure and ask for *Hoofland's German Bitters*, and see that the signature of C. M. Jackson, is on the wrapper of each bottle.

For sale by druggists and storekeepers in every town and village in the United States, West Indies and Canadas. Price 75 cents per bottle. Principal Office, 418 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

"A FRIEND to Improvement" writes thus:—
WILTON, N. H., Sept. 10, 1857.

Having had an opportunity to test the value of Prof. O. J. Wood's Hair Restorative, I am prepared to say, that it fully makes good its recommendations, by restoring to more than its original lustre, hair that has become gray, or faded from age or disease. It will give the hair a soft and pliable texture, and what is of still greater importance than that, it is restored to health; it imparts to the whole system its renovating, healing properties, and has a tendency to restore health and prolong life, and give to the aged the appearance of youth. Its unequalled properties ought to recommend it to every family. Try it, ye who labor under any disease of the head, and you will never have to regret its application.

CAUTION.—Beware of worthless imitations, as several are already in the market, called by different names. Use none unless the words (Professor Wood's Hair Restorative, Depot St. Louis, Mo., and New York), are blown in the bottle. Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine dealers, also by all Fancy and Toilet Goods dealers in the United States and Canadas.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER No. 339 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull.

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.			Phil Ger & Nor	54	55
U S 6 pr ct			Reading	27¾	28
" "	'62 —	—	Minehill	40¾	41
" "	'67 114	—	Har & Lan	57¾	58
" "	'68 114	—	Ches Val	4	5
" " 5 "	'58 —	—	Tioga	—	—
Phila 6 pr ct	93½	94	" preferred	—	—
" " new	99½	100	P W & Balt	26	29
" 5 "	80	—	Long Island	12½	12¾
Cam City 6 pr ct	85	90	Wil sport & Elm	12¾	13¾
Pitts 6 pr ct	50	—	Cattawissa	7	7¾
" " coupon	—	—	CANAL STOCKS.		
All'gy City 6 pr ct	—	—	Sch Nav	9¾	10
" " Coupons	—	—	" preferred	17¾	18
All'gy co R R 6's	50	65	Lehigh Nav	13	14
Penn			Morris Canal'd	48	50
" 5 "	87½	87¾	" preferred	95	95¾
" " coupon	90	91	C & Del	37	40
Tenn 6 pr ct	89	89½	Union	44	45
Kentucky 5 pr ct	102	102	Sus & Tidewater	7	7¾
Missouri 6's	83½	83½	BANK STOCKS.		
Penn R R 6 pr ct	90	95½	North Amer	120	120
2d m rt loan '83	89	89½	Phila	113	115
C & Amb R R 6 pr ct	75	78	Far & Mec	501	504
P G & N R R "	90	92	Commercial	486	485
Reading R R "	75½	78	N Liberty	58	58½
" " m'rt "	88	—	Mechanics	284	27
" " 6 pr ct '86	70	70½	Southwark	63	—
Lehigh Val 6's	76½	77	P Township	85	85½
Ches Val R R "	93	96	Kensington	57	—
Treas R R "	90	—	Girard	104	104
Phil Wil & Bal			Western	—	60
'69 R R 6 pr ct	95½	95½	Man & Mech	295	296
Long I R R "	71	71½	Commerce	61	—
Sch Nav '82 "	59½	59½	Tradesman's	—	—
Lehigh Nav "	93	93½	City	44	45
Mort "	95	—	Consolidation	22	24
C & D C "	75	78	Commonwealth	19½	20
Sus & Tid '78 "	50	55	Corn Exchange	—	—
Union Canal	40	42	Pittsburg	50	55
Will'ms & Elmira			M & M Pitts	50	—
1st m'rt 7 pr ct	65	70	Ex'ge Pitts	50	—
2d " 7 pr ct	53	55	Kentucky	116	114
Catawissa	42½	43	Northern Ky	113	114
North Pa 6 pr ct	59½	59½	Louisville, Ky	110	110
RAILROAD STOCK.			Farmers, Ky	111	115
Cam & Amboy	97	100	Union, Nash, Tenn	97	98
Penna	43	43½	Plant's, Tenn	—	98
Sus Meadow	51½	51½	Com & R Vick	—	—
North Penna	98	100	N O Gas Lt	110	—

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

MEATS.

Beef.		*Mutton.*	
Roasting rib, ₩ lb	12 a14	Leg, Loin, Chp ₩ lb	8 a10
Sirloin steak	14 a16	Breast and Neck	6 a 8
Rump do	10 a12	Young Lamb, whole	$2 a3
Chuck pieces	8 a11	Whole carcass	5 a 9
Plates and navels		*Veal.*	
Corned	5 a10	Fore quarter ₩ lb	6
Tongues, fresh	62 a75	Hind do	10
Leg, each	31½a37½	Chop	12½
Skin	25 a37½	Cutlet	12½
Kidney	5 a12½	Sweetbread each	19
Liver ₩ lb	5 a 8	*Pork.*	
Dried Beef ₩ lb	14 a16	Young Pigs	$1 75 a2 00
Lamb.		Salt and fresh ₩ lb	10 a 14
Fore quarter	75 a87½	Feet ₩ set	10a 25
Hind do	1 00 a1 12½	Trips ₩ lb	4 a 8
Chop ₩ lb	10 a12	Lard do	12 a 13
Calves Head each	20 a25	Hams, sliced	15 a 18
		Bologna sausages	16 a 20

VEGETABLES.

Turnips bus	62	S't Pot's ₩ bus	$1 50a1 75
Beets bunch	4 a 5	do do ₩ lb	6a 9
Cabbage bbl	1 75	Corn Pot's bus	1 15a1 25
do h'd	3 a 10	Onions bus	75
Carrots doz	10		

FRUIT.

Apples ₩ bkt	6¼a 12½	Cranberries qt	14 a 18
do bf pk	12½a 25		

POULTRY AND GAME.

Turkeys ₩ lb	12 a 14	Chickens ₩ lb	10 a 12½
Spring Chickens ₩ pair	31 a 37	Pheasants	$2 00 a2 50
Chickens ₩ pair	75 a1 00	Sqb Pig'on pair	25 a 37
		Frogs doz	25 a 50

SHELLFISH.

Terrapin (South) doz	$6 00 a9 00	Oysters, Absecom ₩ 100	50 a 75
do (Ches & Del)	6 00 a8 00	do ₩ bbl	$10 00 a$20 00
Lobsters ₩ lb	8 a 10	Mt Riv Cove ₩ 100	1 25 a1 50
Clams ₩	2 00 a2 50	N Y do ₩ bbl	12 00 a20 00

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter lb	20 a 25	Mackerel	10
Lard do	20 a 24	Dry Cod	4 a 5
Eggs doz	14 a 20	Sm'kd Herring bunch	2
Cod	5 a 8	Honey lb	20 a 25
Fresh Shad pair	$1 00 a —	Sweetcake cake	2 a
Salt Shad lb	11		

THIRD EDITION NOW READY.—*FREEDLEY'S LEGAL ADVISER*; or, HOW TO DO BUSINESS ACCORDING TO LAW.

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Clarke Loudon, Mr. JAMES A. NOBLE, to Miss MARGARET ADAMS, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Edgar M. Levy, Mr. HARRIS TREGO, to Miss ANNA M. TREGO, both of Chester county.

On the 8th instant, at Greenbush, Rensellaer county, N. Y., HENRY L. JAMES, of Philadelphia, to Miss SARAH E. STAATS, daughter of Capt. P. P. Staats, of the former place.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. JOHN READ, Jr. to Miss MARY BENNET.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. A. Cookman, Mr. JAMES W. HOSKA, to Miss SALLIE J. MAYNER, both of this city.

On the 16th instant, by the Hon. Richard Vaux, Mayor of the city, ELWOOD ESTTER, to MARYNA GASKILL, both of Montgomery county.

In Philadelphia, on the 16th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Cheeseman, WILLIAM MACGREGAL, to MARGARET DAVIS, both of Avondale, Del co. Pa.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. John Street, Mr. OWEN Y. LANNIS, to Miss MARY M. STEVENS, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 16th instant, Mrs. MARY DUNLAP.

On the 15th instant, MARY, wife of Geo. Pechin, aged 58 years.

On the 16th instant, Mrs. MARY LATTY, aged 80.

On the 15th instant, MARGARET, wife of Jos. McMichael, aged 23 years.

On the 16th instant, WILLIAM C. COCHRAN, aged 29 years.

On the 16th instant, Mr. JACOB PEART, aged 66.

On the 14th instant, OLNEY L. LOVELL, aged 33.

On the 15th instant, JOHN R. KNIPE, aged 69.

On the 14th instant, LYDIA FRY, aged 53 years.

On the 14th instant, Mr. SAMUEL B. PATTERSON, aged 58 years.

On the 15th instant, HENRY HOLLINGSWORTH, aged 56 years.

At Darby, on the 18th instant, JOSEPH BUNTING, aged 80 years.

On the 13th instant, ELLEN, wife of J. H. Mathes, aged 26 years.

On the 12th instant, JOHN BLACKBE, aged 83.

On the 12th instant, MARY ANN, wife of Joseph Wilde, aged 25 years.

On the 13th instant, Mrs. REBECCA DEVOU, aged 53 years.

SEND FOR A CATALOGUE.

G. G. EVANS, *Publisher and Originator of the Gift Book Enterprise*, has just issued new Descriptive Catalogues, arranged and classified with an index page for each department of literature, and containing full instructions to Country Agents, how to act, &c., which is sent free to any address. Greater inducements are offered, than can be had from other parties who are imitators of my plan of doing business. For particulars, address G. G. EVANS, mh13-4t 439 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

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I will, on receipt of One Dollar, send the following INVALUABLE RECIPES:—No. 1. For preserving the complexion from Tan Blotches and Freckles. No. 2. For making an instantaneous Hair Dye. No. 3. For the celebrated Turkish Curling Fluid (this will make any hair curl beautifully). No. 4. For an Extract for the Handkerchief, of most delightful fragrance. No. 5. For a Tooth Wash that will preserve the Teeth and Breath. Address J. P. LYON, Philada. It

PEABODY PREMIUM PROLIFIC CORN.—Just received and for sale a limited supply of the above new and celebrated variety of Corn for field culture. Price, 50 cents per quart sack. Mr. Peabody received two Silver Goblets, from the Agricultural Society of Alabama, as a premium for the largest yield on a field of 25 acres, being "two thousand three hundred and six bushels," or 92‡ bushels per acre. This Corn has also been tested successfully in the State of New York. Many of the stalks are said to yield twelve Ears each, some of the Ears twenty-rowed. D. LANDRETH & SON, Agricultural Warehouse and Seed Store, No. 21 and 23 South Sixth Street, It between Market and Chestnut Sts., Phila.

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Address DR. H. JAMES, No. 19 Grand St., Jersey City, N. J.

☞ CAUTION. ☜

I have no son-in-law authorized to send my recipe, as has been advertised. mh6-4t

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Wit and Humor.

A MULE BEWITCHED.

The popular idea seems to be that the long-eared tribe have been deprived of the power of speech since the days of Balaam, but we had this morning ocular and aericular proof of the fallacy of this belief. As we were coming down Broad street, we noticed a little this side of the Planters' Hotel a crowd collected around the wagon of a countryman, and we stepped up to learn, if possible, the cause of the excitement.

The wagon was drawn by a couple of mules—one of them a rather bad looking specimen, who seemed to hail from a region where corn and oats were rarities—the other decidedly better looking and giving unmistakable evidence, we thought, of having been better fed. The wagon was loaded with that delightful esculent so popular in the South—sweet potatoes. Prominent in the crowd we noticed a little black-eyed, gray haired man, who was busily engaged when we came up in negotiating a trade for one of the mules—and strange to say for the poorest looking one.

"Now, my friend," said the little man, "I want this mule—I have a first-rate match for him and want to make out the pair. How old is he?"

"Five years, last spring," promptly replied the countryman.

"Golly! what a lie!" cried the mule, pricking up his ears.

Country started—the crowd looked frightened—and one or two colored gentlemen incontinently fled, as if the devil were of the party.

"Who—who was that?" asked the dealer in potatoes at length, having somewhat recovered his voice and senses.

"Why, me!" promptly responded the mule. "What are you lying about? You know you have had me fifteen years."

"There, my friend," said the little man, "your mule contradicts you—and he ought to know his own age."

"I'll be derned if I know what to make of you or the mule," exclaimed the countryman, "I know he's only five years old, for I raised him myself."

"There you lie again," said the mule.

"Take that," exclaimed the infuriated owner, forgetting his fear for the moment, and striking the animal over the mouth.

"Don't do that again," said the mule, "or I'll kick you."

The countryman's eyes almost popped out of his head, and there is no telling what would have been the result, had not some one arrived, who recognized the little man as Signor Blitz, the well known magician and ventriloquist—which explained the mystery and relieved the countryman.—*Augusta Despatch.*

All In Bangor.—The Rev. Mr. Martin, of Bellington, Maine, a man of decided talent and worth, was also somewhat noted for his eccentricity and humor, which occasionally showed themselves in his public ministrations. In the time of the great land-speculations in Maine, several of his prominent parishioners and church-members were carried away with the mania of buying lumber tracts. Mr. Martin resisted this speculating spirit, and more than once rebuked it in his sermons. One evening, at his regular weekly prayer meeting, he noticed that several of his prominent men were absent, and he knew at once they were gone to Bangor to attend a great land sale. After a hymn had been sung, he said:—

"Brother Allen, will you lead us in prayer?"

Some one spoke up and said—

"He is gone to Bangor."

Mr. Martin, not disconcerted in the least, called out—

"Deacon Barber, will you lead us in prayer?"

"He has gone to Bangor," another answered.

Again the pastor asked—

"Squire Clarke, will you pray?"

"The squire has gone to Bangor," said some one; and Mr. Martin being now satisfied, looked round upon the little assembly as if the same reply would probably be given to every similar request, and very quietly said—

"The choir will sing Bangor, and then we will dismiss the meeting!"

Replies to Correspondents.—The *Buffalo Republic* gives the following answers to correspondents' queries:

Enquirer.—The Fourth of July does not occur on the 22d of February, nor is it, as you suppose, commemorative of anything that ever happened to the Rochester Union.

Robertson.—He was not hid in the slop-pail. He was under the bed.

Mother.—Reverse and spank.

Bride.—Victoria pins can be had at S. O. Barnum's.

Statistics.—Seven times five are thirty-five.

Helen.—You can keep them up with "elastics."

Medicus.—Apply shoemaker's wax and then squeeze it.

Geographer.—Rochester is on the canal east of Lockport.

Stumuckake.—Fifteen drops each of laudanum and camphor, and rub it.

Ambition.—Very few men will descend so far. To be spoken of for alderman, involves loss of reputation, friends, and citizenship. You can imagine what a man must be to be *elected* as such.

Anecdote of Audubon.—The great naturalist was on the look out for the red-headed wood-peckers, and was very anxious to obtain a specimen. Seeing one fly into a hole in a tree, a long way up, he pulled off his coat and climbed up with the energy that never failed him. Puffing and sweating he reached it at last, and putting in his hand to seize the bird, to his great dismay a snake stuck his head out of the hole and hissed in his face. This was so unexpected and frightful that Audubon let go his hold and tumbled to the ground, more dead than alive. His companion came running up to him, and seeing the naturalist was not hurt, but was dreadfully frightened, said to him: "Ah! you are very much frightened, doctor?" "No, sir," replied the doctor, quite offended; "but if you want to see a very badly scared snake, just go up dare!"

Moral Tendency.—"Where is your little boy tending?" asked the good man, as he was inquiring of Mrs. Partington with regard to the proclivities of Ike, who had a hard name in the neighborhood—he meant the direction for good or ill that the boy was taking. "Well," said the old lady, "he isn't tending anywhere yet. I thought some of putting him into a wholesome store, but some says the ringtail is the most beneficious, though he isn't old enough yet to go into a store." "I meant *morally* tending," said her visitor solemnly, straightening himself up like an axe handle. "Yes," said she, a little confusedly, as though she didn't fully understand, but didn't wish to insult him by saying she didn't, "yes, I should hope he'd tend morally, though there's a great difference in shopkeepers, and the moral tendernees in some seems a good deal less than in others, and in others a good deal more. A shopkeeper is one that you should put confidence into, but I've always noticed sometimes that the smilingest of them is the deceivingest. One told me the other day that a calico would wash like a piece of white, and it did just like it, for all the color washed out of it." "Good morning, ma'am," said the visitor, and stalked out with a long string attached to his heel by a piece of gum that had somehow got upon the floor beneath his feet.—*Boston Gazette.*

What's a Visitation.—Mr. Spearman, of Newton Hall, at the recent dinner of the Durham County Agricultural Society, was reminded, by the absence of clergymen, of a story which perhaps he might be permitted to relate, as he had it from a very good source, viz., from a very excellent divine who was himself a prebendary of the cathedral church of Durham. Two honest farmers in riding along together encountered a large number of clergymen, and one of them said to the other, "Where be all these parsons coming from?" To this his friend replied, "They have been at a visitation." The other, no wiser than before, says, "What's a visitation?" and the answer was, "Why, it's where all the parsons goes once a year and swops their sermons." (Laughter.) His friend, on being thus enlightened, quietly remarked, "Dang it, but oor chap mun get the worst on it every time." (Roars of laughter.)

It Leaks.—A friend, says an exchange, returning from a depot a few mornings since with a bottle of freshly imported "Maine Law," saw a young lady whom he must inevitably join. So, putting the bottle under his arm, he softly walked alongside.

"Well," said the young lady, after disposing of health and the weather, "what is that bundle under your arm?"—from which she discovered a dark fluid dripping.

"Oh! nothing but a coat that the tailor has been mending for me."

"Oh! it's a coat, is it? Well you'd better carry it back and get him to sew up one more hole—*it leaks!*"

☞ A good story is told of a "country gentleman," who, for the first time, heard an Episcopal clergyman preach. He had read much of the aristocracy and pride of the Church, and when he returned home he was asked if the people were "stuck up." "Pshaw no," replied he, "why, the minister actually preached in his shirt-sleeves."

THE MARRIAGE QUESTION.

Brown.—"So, you're going to marry old Mrs. Yellowboys. Well, I think you're a dooced lucky fellah!"

Jones.—"By Jove, I don't think the luck is all on my side! If she finds money, hang it, I find blood and—haw—beauty!"

—*London Punch.*

Agricultural.

ADVANTAGES OF ROTATION IN CROPS.

1. Each crop exhausts the soil of certain elements. Continuing the same crop for many years consumes these elements. The soil will not produce that crop longer. Another crop consumes another order of elements, and will flourish when the first will not grow.

2. Each plant, while growing, throws off certain matters which are not favorable to the growth of successive crops of the same plant. Plants in this respect are somewhat like animals, which always avoid their own excrements. Now, other plants may use these matters. Hence a rotation is profitable, because one crop may take up what another throws off.

3. Certain crops have certain insects that prey on them. The cultivation of the same crop for many years favors the multiplication of these insects. Change the crop, and you diminish or destroy them.

4. Various crops furnish various kinds of manures, which are found profitable on a farm. He who wants this variety, will find a rotation the simplest and easiest way to secure it.

5. A rotation in crops results in some great social advantages. Among these are the following: A community which pursues a good rotation will be more independent of foreign supplies. It will pass through a season of scarcity with less suffering. Its farmers will be more intelligent, because their experience will be more varied. Their prosperity, too, will be more equal, as it will not depend on the ups and downs of a single crop.—*Ohio Farmer.*

Coal Tar for Crows.—In the "Farmer" of the 26th ult., appears an article on "The Crow," by "Young Farmer;" he seems to have been tormented by this colored gentleman. It may be acceptable to him, and perhaps to others, to know how to prepare their seed corn, so that neither crows nor blackbirds, nor any other bird, will pull more than one or two grains.

Have your corn all ready, take about a pail-full of boiling hot water, and add to it about a pint of coal tar; stir, and let stand for two or three minutes, and turn in your seed corn; stir it round three or four times, then turn out into a sieve so as to hold the corn together and let the water go; now roll your corn in ashes or plaster. All this must be done in the shortest time possible; when the corn is taken out of the water, each grain will have a light coating of tar, and by rolling in ashes or plaster, it keeps it from sticking to the hands. Crows will not pull up much corn planted in this way.

Some may say that corn will not grow after such a hot water process: but to such I would say try and see.—*Correspondent New England Farmer.*

PLANTING FRUIT TREES.

As the season is now approaching in which to transplant Fruit Trees, we shall comply with many requests by printing such information respecting the most desirable varieties of fruits as our limited experience may enable us to present:

APPLES.

In one hundred trees of fourteen varieties of Apples, we should plant as follows:

6 Amer'n Summer Pearmain;	4 WhiteSeek-No-Farther
2 Early Harvest;	4 Rambo;
6 Fall Pippin;	4 Porter;
4 Golden Pippin;	4 Red Astrachan;
6 Baldwin;	6 Rhode Isl. Greening;
4 Hays;	4 Roxbury Russet;
4 Gravenstein;	6 Esopus Spitzenburg;
6 Fornwalder;	4 Williams' Favorite;
6 Yoder Pippin, or the Newtown Pippin;	4 Swaar;
6 Hubbardston's Nonesuch;	4 Maiden's Blush;
2 Lady Apple;	4 Yellow Bellflower;
	100

PEARS.

For twenty-five pear trees to be selected from fifteen varieties, we would plant—

2 Bloodgood;	2 Belle Lucrative;
2 Dearborn's Seedling;	1 Urbaniste;
1 Rottiesar;	2 Doyenne Boussac;
2 Seckel;	2 Flemish Beauty;
2 Bartlett;	1 Easter Buerre;
2 Ott;	1 Uvedale's St. Germain, (baking.)
2 Buerre d'Anjou;	—
2 Lawrence;	25
1 Chancellor;	

PEARS ON QUINCE STOCKS.

From twenty varieties we should select the following fifty:

4 Duches d'Angouleme;	2 Seckel;
4 Vicar of Winkfield;	2 Paradise d'Automne;
2 Easter Buerre;	2 Ott;
2 Glout Morceau;	2 Nouveau Poiteau;
4 Louise Bonne d'Jersey;	2 Figue d'Alencon;
4 Buerre d'Anjou;	2 Soldat Laboreur;
4 Sieulle;	2 Belle Lucrative;
2 Duchess d'Orleans;	2 St. Michael;
2 Henry IV.;	2 Buerre Diel;
2 Doyonne Boussac;	—
2 Lawrence;	50

CHERRIES.

For one dozen Cherries the following will meet every requisition, and cannot be excelled. One tree of each variety might be enough, according to space and demand:

2 Governor Wood;	1 Triumph of Cumberland;
2 Black Tartarian;	1 Early Richmond;
1 Bigarreau;	1 Downer's Late;
2 Black Eagle;	—
1 Mayduke;	12
1 Kirtland's Mary;	

PEACHES.

The following list of Peaches for general cultivation is perhaps as good as can be presented. It has the sanction of the best authority. They ripen in the order in which they are here placed:

Freestones.	Nivette,
Early York,	Ward's Late Free,
Early Newington,	Noblesse,
Coolidge's Favorite,	Late Red Rareripe,
George IV.,	Bergen's Yellow,
Grosse Mignonne,	Druid Hill,
Crawford's Early,	*Clingstones.*
Brevort,	Large White,
Oldmixon Free,	Oldmixon,
Morris White,	Heath.
Bellegarde,	

RASPBERRIES.

It is useless to go any farther than the two varieties which we annex:

Allen,	Brinckle's Orange.

The *Allen*, so named or called by our friend Miller of Calmdale, Lebanon, we have always known as the English Purple, but strange as it may appear, Downing says not a word about it. He has hunted up every worthless variety throughout the world, and gives small praise to those deserving it; but we can assure our readers that the Allen, as we shall hereafter call it, has been known and cultivated in this vicinity for fifty years, and is believed to have come originally from England. We have often referred to it as a hardy, productive, popular and indispensable variety. In the Philadelphia market, we have been frequently told by those who sold it there, that it brought a higher price than any other. It is a firm fruit and carries well. We have cultivated it certainly for a dozen years, and never failed in an abundant crop. It propagates itself generally by the ends of the young wood bending down and taking root. There are very few shoots from the spreading roots, but an abundance from the stool. It is perfectly hardy and always reliable. It ripens a week or ten days before the Orange.

As to the *Orange*, it is the largest, handsomest and best of all Raspberries. It is proved also to be hardy. It stood the winter of 1856-7 well. With these two varieties we may turn our backs and snap our fingers at all the rest. Especially shun the *Catawissa*. If you desire an ever-bearing, so called, get the *Ohio*.

CURRANTS.

The *Dutch Red* and *White*, and the *Neapolitan Black*. There is a large new variety called the *Ruby Castle* or *Cherry*, which is becoming popular, but is not more abundant than the other kinds, nor of any better quality. Its size is in its favor.

GRAPES.

In speaking of Grapes, we always have reference to out-door culture, unless otherwise stated. There are a couple of excellent new seedling American varieties, which we believe to be a great acquisition, viz.: the *Rebecca*, a white, and the *Delaware*, a red or purple. It is true, there has been yet scarcely time to establish their character, and we would advise the general cultivator to wait another year, by which time they will be cheaper and better known. For the present, plant the *Isabella* and *Diana*, and if you have a rich, dry, warm soil, the *Catawba*.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

New Disease in Cattle.—The Freeport Journal says that there is a new disease prevalent to some extent among the cattle in Stephenson county, Illinois, of which it says: "It acts upon the system like a poison. Sometimes the creature is taken with trembling, and in an hour or two dies; sometimes it will live along a day or so—sometimes a whole week, trembling and frothing or foaming at the mouth; and as soon as dead, the carcass bloats up and is at once blue with mortification. If this dead carcass is eaten by a hog or other animal, it is sure death to them; and if any of the poison gets into a sore upon a man's hand, or in any way comes in contact so as to get into the circulation, it will destroy life speedily." It recommends as a course of treatment as a remedy, that the animal attacked should be at once removed, as the disease seems to be somewhat contagious. There is but little hope of saving the life after the attack comes on. Bleeding is recommended, and if taken in season may save. But, in all cases, remove the diseased one, and to prevent its spreading, give the healthy ones a dose of saltpetre and bleed them. Cover the dead bodies up at once, so that the contagion will not spread. [We should doubt the good results of bleeding in the above cases—but, of course, if it works well, it is all right. Most people, however, bleed for everything—and often kill animals that probably would live if not thus weakened.—*Ed. Post.*]

Agricultural Humor.—Of the Amherst (Mass.) Cattle Show, the Springfield Republican says:

"There is a quaint humor in the making up of the committees upon stock, &c., which is a new feature in Cattle Shows. For instance: The committee on cattle, upon the principle that 'He who drives fat oxen should himself be fat,' was composed of eight gentlemen whose aggregate weight is over two thousand pounds! Then the committee on calves (most impudent selection!) was wholly composed of the members of the last Legislature. The committee on fowls were gentlemen from several towns about here, all of them blessed with the name of Fowle. But the happiest thing, and one that really had a good grain of satire in it, was the committee upon maple sugar. This was made up of 'sweet-hearts,' three gentlemen and three ladies, who were known to be engaged to be married, being upon it. Poor things! Those who appointed them knew that it was only right that they should nibble a little sugar now, to make some small amends for the future, that lies so near before them."

Scotch Snuff vs. Green-fly and Thrips.—I find accidentally that a slight powdering of common Scotch snuff destroys green-fly and thrips. I should feel obliged if you would say whether there is any objection to the use of it generally. [None except expense.] I ask because so much has been written lately about the aphis powder that I conclude there must be some good reason against the use of snuff, in itself the cheapest and easiest used powder, unless its subsequent effect on the plant is injurious. One ounce of Scotch snuff administered by a penny pepper-castor will go a long way in a green house, and any one who will try it upon a bud or young shoot covered with the well known pest will have at least the satisfaction of seeing the whole force of the enemy strewn on the surface of the pot in about five minutes, unless you decide that it is dangerous.—*London Gardener's Chronicle.*

Cranberries.—I have seen inquiries frequently made in reference to the best modes of cultivation, &c. My own experience teaches me a few facts.

1. Get rid of all stagnant water by shallow draining.

2. Destroy all vegetation by taking off the turf, or by cultivation.

3. Cover two inches deep with sand, if it is handy; if not, put in the vines, and let them take their chance with grass and weeds.

4. The large, round berry is much the best.

5. So arrange your ditches, that a smart shower in summer will flood the vines for a day or so.

6. The vines should be flowed before it is cold enough to freeze the roots in autumn, and be kept flowed till mild weather in the spring.

I flow mine immediately after raking in the fall. By so doing I get all the scattering berries. I keep the water over and among my vines, till frosty nights have mostly disappeared in the spring. The water should be drawn off gradually, so that the vines may not be all exposed to the sun at once. A dressing of sand may be applied by spreading it on the ice in winter—say an inch deep—which will be of great benefit. Eight years ago last fall, I laid out some fifteen dollars in preparing ground, setting vines and fencing a worthless frog pond, containing one acre. Three-fourths of the ground is covered with vines; last fall, I raked twenty bushels of berries, for which I was offered three dollars per bushel, but declined the offer. The price declined also, and I wintered them over.—*New England Farmer.*

Useful Receipts.

Economy in Bread.—Twenty-six pounds and thirteen ounces of good bread have been made from fourteen pounds of flour and one and a half pounds of rice, by the following method:—

Tie up the rice in a thick linen bag, allowing it ample room to swell; boil for three or four hours, till it becomes a smooth paste; mix this while warm with the flour, adding the usual quantity of yeast and salt; allow the dough to rise near the fire, and divide into loaves. It is affirmed on high authority that flour thus treated, will yield fifty per cent. more bread than by the ordinary method.

The Potato Method.—The increase of bread with potatoes is as well known to bakers as to housekeepers.

First place 15 pounds of flour near the fire to warm.

Take 5 pounds of good potatoes, those of a mealy kind being preferable; peel and boil them as if for the table; mash them, and then mix with them as much cold water as will allow all except small lumps to pass through a coarse sieve into the flour, which will be now ready to receive them. Add yeast, &c., and mix for bread in the usual way.

Wiping Dishes.—Much time is wasted by housekeepers in wiping their dishes. If properly washed and drained in a dry sink, with a cloth spread on the bottom, they look better than when wiped, besides the economy in saving time and labor.

Covering for Milk-Pans.—I have a new plan for covering milk-pans in summer, to keep out dust, flies, &c. I take a piece of common brown sheeting, and cut it about three inches larger than the top of the pan, and make a wide hem, say an inch, around it. I then take large wire and bend it in a circle the same size as the cloth, and run it into the hem, and fasten it there. When laid over the pan, the wire falls over the edge of the pan, to the effectual exclusion of dust or any other substance.—*Country Gentleman.*

Yeast for Bread or Cakes.—In a quart of boiling water, stir sufficient wheat flour to make a smooth, thick batter; while hot, stir in it 4 ounces of white sugar and a teaspoonful of salt. When cold, put in sufficient yeast (say near a teacupful) to cause the mass to ferment. Lay it by in a covered jar for use. Half a teacupful is enough to make two large loaves. To renew the yeast when used up, reserve a teacupful. This receipe my wife considers her own invention, as she has never seen it. It is simple and efficient for raising buckwheat cakes and bread—very light and very white if the flour is good.—*Correspondent of Country Gentleman.*

Bed-Bugs.—Bed-bugs are effectually destroyed by washing infected places with a decoction of the common *Smart-weed* or "Water Pepper," called by botanists *Polygonum punctatum*. Pour a pint of boiling water on a pint of the weed, cover it up, and let it cool. The liquor may be put on with a brush. The plant itself may be stuffed in cracks or corners.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Cure for the Ague.—A gentleman recently from Central America—a great place for the shakes—informs us that he has seen many obstinate cases cured by wearing finely pulverized rock salt between the feet and stockings. We cannot vouch for the value of this remedy, but consider it worthy of trial.—*Genesee Farmer.*

To Save Harness.—It is the hairy side of leather that cracks; and if harness is made (if double) so that the fleshy sides are outward, and (if single) so that the hair side is next to the horse, it will not crack. The moisture of the horse will soften the hairy side; and, the bend being so that the fleshy side is on the outside of the segment of the circle, no provocation is given to the inside of the circle, to crack. Wagon harness has lasted twenty years uncracked, simply by this means. The harness-maker will object to it, because he cannot put inferior leather in, as he otherwise could. But stirrup-leathers are made so, and so are shoes, and why not harness?

Worms in Horses.—The best remedy I ever tried is this:—Feed your horses plenty of ashes and tobacco once a week, and I will guarantee that they will never more be troubled with worms or bots. Tobacco kills them and ashes carries them away. I handle a good many horses, and this is my remedy. I never had a horse troubled with bots or sick with worms.—*Correspondent of Prairie Farmer.*

☞ Never talk of your schemes till they are accomplished—for, if they fail, you may suffer the double mortification of disappointment and ridicule.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 46 letters.

My 1, 2, 19, 44, 46, 11, 22, 31, 40, 15, was the greatest of all the Greek historians.

My 3, 12, 44, 36, 22, 10, is called the father of mathematics.

My 4, 8, 34, 22, 11, was the founder, and greatest painter of the modern French school.

My 5, 34, 35, 23, 38, 41, 44, 27, in its most general sense means the proofs which establish, or have a tendency to establish any facts or conclusions.

My 7, 35, 9, 37, 32, 41, 4, is a grand-principality of Russia.

My 11, 25, 22, 16, 46, is the name of a plant which is very familiar, and a great favorite in Europe.

My 12, 36, 20, is a city on the left bank of the Danube.

My 13, 19, 37, 18, is a term used in Scotland almost synonymously with cape.

My 14, 38, 44, 39, 3, 23, was the most celebrated Roman Catholic prelate in the English annals.

My 14, 8, 17, is a portion of the sea inclosed between two capes or headlands.

My 16, 6, 9, 25, is the capital town of Yemen in Arabia.

My 17, 29, 44, 2, 30, is a name given to private pleasure boats when sufficiently large for a sea voyage.

My 20, 6, 18, 43, 32, 2, is the principal sea-port of Abyssinia, on the Red Sea.

My 21, 29, 43, 36, was King of Israel about 1050 B. C.

My 28, 24, 34, 15, 18, was one of the most eminent scholars of France.

My 26, 22, 13, 5, is the general relation in which all things perceptible stand to each other in regard to their origin, continuance and dissolution.

My 35, 16, 22, 31, is the principal goddess of the Egyptians.

My 39, 35, 21, 15, is the mingling of the breath, and men of all stages of refinement do the same.

My 42, 24, 33, 22, 16, is one of the Barbary States.

My 45, 33, 27, 40, 21, is a title given to noblemen of the first class in Russia.

My whole is the name and location of an excellent Institution for the care or relief of the unfortunate. JOHN KENNARD, Jr.

St. Louis, Mo.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 44 letters.

My 10, 40, 16, 33, was an ancient measure.

My 9, 10, 16, 27, 10, was a Roman coin.

My 20, 37, 5, 2, 44, 29, is a book in the Bible.

My 42, 28, 4, 3, 36, 10, a place our Saviour visited.

My 1, 42, 6, was an ancient measure.

My 16, 30, 37, 24, 11, 39, 9, was father of the wine press.

My 35, 31, 15, 7, 15, 9, 12, was the woman who enticed Samson.

My 43, 37, 1, 19, 10, 32, 22, 23, 31, was a great country.

My 41, 25, 28, 37, 38, 31, was a governor.

My 17, 40, 10, 12, 44, 23, was a great country.

My 8, 26, are both the same.

My 13, 34, 21, are the same.

My whole was a great saying of Martin Luther's.

Pittsburg, Pa. G. IRWIN.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When day has given place to night,
And silence reigns profound,
To do my *first*, although 'tis wrong,
There can some men be found.

If you're travelling in a distant land,
Far from your friends at home,
You'll be sure to seek my *second* when
The shades of night come on.

There are many men upon the earth,
In every phase of life;
Yet each will own that he's my *third*,
Without a moment's strife.

My *fourth* is found on all the ships,
That o'er the ocean sail;
It has to toil both night and day,
When stormy winds prevail.

The farmer surely does my *fifth*,
When he wants wheat to reap;
If he did not, when harvest comes,
He'd have no bread to eat.

My *whole*, when rightly united,
The name of a man will give,
Who, (according to a story),
Long on an island did live.

Pequea, Pa. A. K. HOWRY.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is the name of a noted twin,
Who has travelled this country gold to win.
My second is that which you'll presently find
To be the supporter of all mankind.
My whole is a country found in the east,
Whose emblem is a ferocious beast.

Tiffin, Ohio. J. W. CRAMER.

ANAGRAMS

On Well Known Towns in Pennsylvania.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. Canter Sal.
2. On Seat.
3. Not worn Sir!
4. R. Hagbur Sir!
5. I sell car.
6. "Vel" Top list.
7. Dear Nig.
8. Wer Bil rakes.
9. Lost rib.
10. Sam, will pi rot.

SNOW DROP.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The area of a parallelogram is 65 times the longer side thereof; and the longer side thereof is 95 perches more than the shorter side. Required the area of the said parallelogram?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Crotsersville, Snyder Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ When is an author most like a puppy? Ans.—When he carries his *tale* with him.

☞ What part of a ship is like a farmer? Ans.—The tiller.

☞ Why is praising children like opium? Ans.—Because it is laudanum (laudin'-em).

☞ What light could not possibly be seen in a dark room. Ans.—An Israelite.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

CLASSICAL ENIGMA—Destruction of the Roman Empire. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—United we stand, divided we fall. CHARADE—Sailor. CHARADE—Pine-apple. RIDDLE—Grape. MATHEMATICAL QUESTION—$6873 52½ cts. nearly.